

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 43.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

[PRICE 4d., Stamped 6d.]

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

VICAR—THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.  
PRESIDENT—THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.  
LADY RESIDENT—MISS PARRY.  
THE EASTER TERM for the COLLEGE AND PREPARATORY CLASSES will OPEN on MAY 2nd.  
Prospectuses with full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.  
Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders.  
6 and 40, Harley Street, W. E. H. PUMFRET, M.A., Dean.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ADAM STREET—THE WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS of the Members of the Royal Institution will be resumed on FRIDAY, the 6th of MAY, at Eight o'clock. The following Courses will be delivered after Easter—SEVEN LECTURES by J. MORRIS, Esq., F.G.S., "On the General Facts and Leading Principles of Geological Science," on TUESDAYS, commencing MAY 3.—SEVEN LECTURES by A. H. LAYARD, Esq., "On the Seven Periods of Egyptian History," on THURSDAYS, commencing MAY 10.—J. P. LACATAI will resume his Course "On Modern Italian Literature," on SATURDAY, MAY 7th. The above Lectures will begin at 3 o'clock in the Afternoon. Terms, One Guinea for each Course; or, Two Guineas for all the Courses.  
April 22nd, 1859. JOHN BARLOW, N.A.V.P., and Sec. R.I.

## ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND—WARWICK MEETING.

ENTRIES for Implements, Cattle, Wool, Farm-Gates, and Draining Pipes, must be made on or before the FIRST OF MAY.  
ENTRIES for Live Stock must be made on or before the FIRST OF JUNE.  
All Entries received in each case after those respective dates will, without any exception, be disqualified, and returned to the sender.  
FREE SHEETS may be had on application at the Offices of the Society, 15, Hanover Square, London.

## GUYS.—THE SUMMER SESSION COMMENCES ON MONDAY, THE 2ND OF MAY.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must produce satisfactory testimonials as to their education and conduct. They are required to pay off for the first year, 40s. for the second year, and 100s. for every succeeding year of attendance. One payment of 100s. entitles a Student to a Perpetual Ticket. Clinical Clerks, Dressers, Ward Clerks, Dispensers, Reporters, and Obstetric Residents, and Dressers in the wards, are selected according to merit from those Students who have attended a Second Year. A Resident House Surgeon is appointed every six Months from those Students who have obtained the College Diploma.  
Demonstrations on Cutaneous Diseases—Dr. Addison and Dr. Guill.  
Medical Jurisprudence—Dr. Taylor.  
Internal Medicine—Dr. Babington.  
Surgery—Dr. Ouldham.  
Ophthalmic Surgery—Mr. France.  
Physiology—Dr. Wilks.  
Comparative Anatomy—Dr. Pavy.  
Anatomy—Mr. Johnson.  
Practical Chemistry—Dr. Odling.  
Surgical and Operative Surgery—Mr. Bryant.  
Clinical Medicine—Dr. Babington, Dr. Wilks, and Dr. Pavy.  
Clinical Surgery—Mr. Poland, Mr. Cooper Forster, and Mr. Bryant.  
Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give any further information required.  
Guy's Hospital, April 14th, 1859.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

## ART UNION OF LONDON.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Council's Report, and to Distribute the Amount Subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art, will be held at the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on TUESDAY, the 23rd inst., at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock.  
The Right Hon. LORD MONTAGUE, President, in the Chair.  
The receipt for the current year will procure admission for members and friends.  
GEORGE GODWIN, } HONORARY  
LEWIS COCKEC, } SECRETARIES.  
44, West Strand.

## THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

FOR THE PUBLICATION OF EARLY HISTORICAL AND LITERARY REMAINS.  
PRESIDENT—The Most Noble the MARQUESS OF BRISTOL, F.R.S.  
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at No. 25, Parliament Street, Westminster, on MONDAY, the 2nd of MAY, at Four o'clock.  
WILLIAM J. THOMAS, Secretary.

The following works have been issued in return for Subscriptions due 1st May, 1859:—

I. LETTERS TO AND FROM HENRY RAILLIE, including Letters from his brother George, Marquess of Darnley. From a MS. in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Edited by W. DU RANT COOPER, Esq.

II. THE ROMANCE OF BLONDE OF OXFORD AND JEAN DE DAMMARTIN. Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

III. THE CAMDEN MISCELLANY, Volume the Fourth, containing: I. Expenses of Judges of Assize. II. The Survivors' Miracle Play. III. The London Chronicle. IV. The Castle of Bristowe. V. A letter in the Tower. VI. Charles I. and Rev. Dr. Lake. VII. Jesuits' College at Clerkenwell. (Nearly ready.)

The Subscription to the Society is 12s. per annum, payable in advance, on the 1st May in each year. Applications for Prospectuses, or communications from Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members, may be addressed to the Secretary, or to

Messrs. NICOLAS, 25, Parliament Street, Westminster, by whom Subscriptions will be received.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

#### ENGLISH NIGHT.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 25,  
TO COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

#### PROGRAMME.

PART I.  
QUINTET in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass ..... G. A. MACFARREN.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ, MR. WIENIAWSKI and RIES, Signor PIATTI, and Mr.  
DUET, "Come, let us be gone" ..... HENRY SMART.  
MISS THERESA JEFFERYS and Miss PALMER.  
SONG, "Ah! non lasciami, no" ..... G. A. MACFARREN.  
MR. SIMS REEVES.  
SONATA in A major, Pianoforte ..... PINTO.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.  
DUET, "Two merry Gipsies are we" ..... G. A. MACFARREN.  
MISS THERESA JEFFERYS and Miss PALMER.  
SONG, "A swifter far than Summer's flight" ..... J. W. DAVISON.  
MISS PALMER.  
GLEE, "Blow, gentle gales" ..... BISHOP.

PART II.  
QUARTET, in D major (No. 6), for Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello ..... E. J. LODGE.  
MR. WIENIAWSKI, RIES, SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.  
SONG, "Oh, pleasant days of sunshine" ..... H. GLOVER.  
MISS THERESA JEFFERYS.  
SONG, "It was a young Knight Troubadour" ..... J. BARNETT.  
MR. SIMS REEVES.  
TRIO for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello ..... W. S. BENNETT.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ, MR. WIENIAWSKI, and Signor PIATTI.  
BACCHANALIAN SONG, "Down, down with the softness" ..... HENRY SMART.  
MR. THOMAS.  
DUET, "Trust her not" ..... M. W. BALFE.  
MISS THERESA JEFFERYS and Miss PALMER.  
GLEE, "The chough and crow" ..... BISHOP.  
CONDUCTOR ..... MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.

Soft Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. May be obtained at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Mr. TURNER, 19, Poultry; HAMPDEN'S, CRAMER & Co.'s, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; R. HUGHES'S Newspaper and Concert Ticket Office, 24, Old Cavendish Street; EVANS & Co., 390, Oxford Street; LEADER: OLLIVIER, CAMPBELL; and CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

## MISS ARABELLA GODDARD

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TWO SOIREES,  
FRIDAY, MAY 27, FRIDAY, JUNE 3,

AND, BY PARTICULAR REQUEST,  
A MATINEE  
ON SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

#### PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST SOIREE (MAY 27).

QUARTET in E flat, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello ..... MOZART.  
SONATA in F sharp major, pianoforte solo (Op. 78) ..... BEETHOVEN.  
RECEIL des Aïrs Variés, Nos. 2 and 3, Book 2 (Op. 71) ..... DUBSK.  
(The first time in England.)

PART II.  
SONATA in E major (Op. 5) ..... MENDELSSOHN.  
(First time in public.)  
TRIO in B flat, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello ..... SCHUBERT.

#### EXECUTANTS:

VIOLIN ..... MR. SAINTON.  
VIOLA ..... MR. DOYLE.  
VIOLONCELLO ..... SIG. PIATTI.  
PIANOFORTE ..... MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

Particulars of the SECOND SERIES, JUNE 3, and the MATINEE JUNE 18, will be duly announced.

Soft Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, or 1s. for the three concerts. Unreserved Seats (Area or Balcony), 5s. Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of MISS GODDARD, 47, Welbeck Street; of all the principal Music-sellers; at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; at Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—

Last Weeks of Mr. CHARLES KEAN'S Management.  
On EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 25th, and during the Week, will be presented Shakespeare's Historical Play of HENRY THE FIFTH, commencing at Seven o'clock. King Henry, Mr. C. Kean. Chorus, Mrs. C. Kean.

#### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—  
The MUSEUM, ART-LIBRARY, and DRAWING-SCHOOLS will be OPEN FREE EVERY MORNING AND EVENING, from MONDAY 25th to SATURDAY 30th APRIL, both days inclusive. Day time from 10 till 6; Evening from 7 till 10. By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

#### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

GREAT GLOBE, LEICESTER SQUARE.—  
On EASTER MONDAY will be opened, in conjunction with numerous other attractions, A NEW GIANT'S MOVING DIORAMA OF A TOUR UP THE RHINE, from Rotterdam to St. Gothard, embracing every feature of interest to the tourist on and near the River; Diurnas of the Empire of China, Japan, the Campaigns in India, &c. &c.—Admission to the whole building One Shilling. Open from 10 A.M. until 10 P.M.

## CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S

HALL, PICCADILLY.—Change of Programme for the Easter Holidays.—EVERY NIGHT at Eight, and SATURDAY AFTER-NOON at Three.—Admission, 3s., 2s., and 1s. Tickets and Places may be secured at MR. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 38, Old Bond Street.  
\* EXTRA REPRESENTATION on EASTER MONDAY, at Three o'clock.

## MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ AT

ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE, on EASTER MONDAY, "The Poor Traveller," "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," and "Mrs. Gamp." On EASTER TUESDAY, "The Poor Traveller," "Mrs. Gamp," and "The Trial from Pickwick." The Doors will be opened for each Reading at Seven. The Reading will commence at Eight. Places for each Reading—Stalls (numbered and reserved), 4s.; Centre Area and Balconies, 2s.; Back Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL'S, Publishers, 155, Piccadilly; and at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, Long Acre.

#### PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.G.S., will give a COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, having especial reference to the application of Science to ENGINEERING, MINING, ARCHITECTURE, and AGRICULTURE. The Lectures will commence on WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 4th, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at the same hour. Fee, 12s. 6d.  
R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

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#### ROYAL EXCHANGE FINE ARTS GALLERY,

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"The best work on Practical Landscape Gardening which has appeared in this country."—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

## CONTENTS.

## PART I.

## THE CHOICE OF A PLACE.

Roads and Convenience of Access.  
Nature of the surrounding Property and Neighbourhood, present and prospective.  
Former Uses of the place.  
Relative Elevation of the District.  
Character of the Soil.  
Form or Outline of the Land.  
Aspect and Climate.  
Existing Shelter and Furniture.  
Views to be obtained from it.  
Site and Aspect for a House.  
Back and front Approaches to it.

## PART II.

## WHAT TO AVOID.

Attempting too much.  
Rookeries and Rustic Objects near the House.  
Much planting immediately around a House.  
Belts, Clumps, and narrow strips of Plantation.  
Confining a Place too much.  
Rendering it too exposed.  
Cutting down many large Trees.  
Too great a Mixture of Styles.

Unsuitable Decorations.  
Tricks for Surprising People.  
All kinds of Eccentricity: every sort of Sham.  
In general, extreme Formality or Regularity of Plan.  
Large and complex Geometrical Undue Plainness. [Figures.  
Carriage Drives that are wanting in Length.  
Kitchen Gardens in very small Places.

## PART III.

## WHAT TO ATTAIN.

## I. GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

Simplicity.  
Intricacy.  
Convenience.  
Compactness.  
Seclusion and Seclusion.  
Unity and Congruity.  
Connexion.  
Symmetry.  
Gradation of Parts.  
Apparent Extent.  
Richness and Polish.  
Concealment of Offices and Out-Variety. [buildings.  
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Originality and Freshness: Modes of attaining them.  
Expression and Tone.  
Style and Manner.  
Adaptation.  
Fitness.  
Appropriation.  
Imitation of Nature.  
Beauty.  
Combination of different Principles to form a whole.

## II. GENERAL OBJECTS.

Economy.  
Shelter.  
Approaches to a House.  
Treatment of Walks.  
Fences.  
Outlines of Beds and Masses.  
Sky outline of Plantations.  
Flowers chiefly to be in detached beds and masses.  
Flower-borders.  
Specimen plants.  
Undergrowth.  
Evergreens.  
Architectural gardening.

## III. PARTICULAR OBJECTS.

Influence of little things on Design and Execution.

## Mounds and Banks.

Trees suited to particular styles of buildings and places.  
Masses of particular plants for effect as to form and colour.  
Shadows from Trees.  
Covered ways, Wire Temples, Trellises, Verandahs, and other supports for Climbing plants.  
Flower-beds to be filled with low pointed Evergreens in the winter.  
Substitutes for Grass beneath Trees.  
Hedge-rows.  
Temporary shelter.  
Edgings for Walks and Flower-beds.

## IV. SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

Park, Field, or Paddock.  
Flower-garden.  
Rock or Fern Garden.  
Rose Garden.  
Pinetum.  
Winter Garden.  
Bowling Green.  
Water.  
Arbours.  
Statuary.  
Green-houses and Conservatories.  
Kitchen Garden.

Aviaries; Apiaries; Grottoes.  
Lodges and Entrances.  
Sea-side Gardens.  
Town or Suburban Gardens.  
Villages and Village Gardens.  
Compact Combination of Parts in a Place.

## PART IV.

## PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

Drainage.  
Levelling Hedge-rows.  
Formation of Roads and Walks.  
Ground-work.  
Preparation of Ground for Planting and Grass.  
Dealing with the Picturesque.  
Planting for immediate effect.  
Time and Manner of Planting.  
Choice of Plants and mode of obtaining them.  
Supporting and Staking newly planted Trees.  
Sowing down Grass Seeds.  
Preparation of Borders for Fruit Trees in Kitchen Garden.  
Plants suited for particular localities.  
Order in which the different operations should be performed.

## LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

## PLANS OF PLACES.

A Rectory in Worcestershire.  
P. S. Humberston, Esq., Mollington, Cheshire.  
B. and T. G. Frost, Esqs., Queen's Park, Chester.  
Charles Longman, Esq., Shendish, near Homel Hempstead, Herts. [pool.  
Edward Astley, Esq., Roby, near Liverpool.  
William Oxley, Esq., Underscar.  
Edward Walker, Esq., Chester.  
John Johnson, Esq., Runcorn, Cheshire.  
T. S. Hoare, Esq., Kingston, Surrey.  
Joseph Stubbs, Esq., Park Place, Frodsham, Cheshire.  
T. B. Bazley, Esq., Agden Hall, near Lynn, Cheshire.  
Henry H. Tonliss, Esq., Childwickbury, near St. Albans, Herts.

## PLANS OF SMALL PARKS OR FIELDS.

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Edward Astley, Esq., Roby.  
William Oxley, Esq., Underscar.

## PLANS OF SHRUBBERY WALKS.

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William Oxley, Esq., Underscar.  
John Noble, Esq., Berry Hill.  
Samuel Woodhouse, Esq., Norley Hall, near Northwich, Cheshire.

## PLANS OF TERRACED GARDENS.

John Naylor, Esq., Leighton Hall, near Walspool.  
Harman Grisewood, Esq., Daylesford House, Worcestershire.  
A Rectory garden.  
Henry McConnell, Esq., Crossbrook, Derbyshire.

## PLANS OF FLOWER GARDENS.

Owen Jones, Esq., Stanacres, near Thornton, Cheshire.  
John Naylor, Esq., Leighton Hall.  
Harman Grisewood, Esq., Daylesford.  
Henry McConnell, Esq., Crossbrook.

George Whitley, Esq., Bromborough, Cheshire.  
William Oxley, Esq., Mossley Hill, Aigburth, near Liverpool. [Liverpool.  
Alfred Higgins, Esq., Woolton, near Octagonal Flower garden, Maidenhead.  
Samuel Job, Esq., Holmefield, Aigburth, near Liverpool.  
Sir Edward Smythe, Bart., Acton Burnell.  
Joshua Fielden, Esq., Starsfield Hall, near Todmorden. [Warrington.  
James Barratt, Esq., Lyman Hall, near William Longman, Esq., Chorleywood Place, near Rickmansworth, Herts.  
Thomas Johnson, Esq., Halton Grange, Runcorn, Cheshire.  
Sketch for Gothic Flower garden.  
Ditto for Tudor ditto.  
Ditto for flower plot in form of a shield.  
Ditto for ditto, with shrubs introduced into some of the beds.  
Joseph Stubbs, Esq., Frodsham.  
T. B. Bazley, Esq., Agden Hall.  
Charles Longman, Esq., Shendish.  
William Oxley, Esq., Underscar.

## PLANS OF ROSE GARDENS.

John Naylor, Esq., Leighton Hall.  
A Rosery at Dulwich, near London.  
Harman Grisewood, Esq., Daylesford.  
Samuel Woodhouse, Esq., Norley Hall.  
T. B. Bazley, Esq., Agden Hall.  
Charles Longman, Esq., Shendish.

## PLANS OF LAKES AND PIECES OF WATER.

Architectural basins of water.  
Sir Robert Gerard, Bart., Garswood, near Newton, Lancashire.  
Owen Jones, Esq., Stanacres. [water.  
Sir Robert Gerard, Bart., formal piece of

## PLANS OF KITCHEN GARDENS.

Thomas Johnson, Esq., Halton Grange.  
Owen Jones, Esq., Stanacres.  
John Noble, Esq., Berry Hill.  
Samuel Woodhouse, Esq., Norley Hall.  
Charles Longman, Esq., Shendish.  
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## PLANS OF FRUIT-HOUSES AND PLANT-HOUSES.

Thomas Johnson, Esq., Halton Grange.  
John Noble, Esq., Berry Hill.  
Joseph Stubbs, Esq., Frodsham.  
William Oxley, Esq., Underscar.

## PLANS.

An imaginary house, to indicate the desirable position for the windows.  
An imaginary place, showing general arrangement.  
Mode of concealing offices.  
Curves in walks, and accompanying plant-masses of shrubs and specimens. [Ing.  
Groups of Shrubs.  
Methods of arranging the planting on a lawn, so as to secure vistas.  
Terminations to straight walks.  
Flower-beds in rows.  
Architectural flower-beds, with raised stone border.  
Entering a place from a high road.  
Carriage-sweeps.  
Divergence of branches from a curve.  
Front outline of plants in a plantation.  
Union of two masses of plants on opposite sides of walks.  
Winter Garden at Leighton Hall.  
Outline of a plantation on a mound.  
Relieving lines of hedge by scattered specimens in front.  
Flower-beds in groups, for a lawn.  
Portion of a Pinetum, to show grouping.  
Circular bowling-green.  
Rustic Summer-houses.  
Entrances and Lodges.  
Sea-side garden. [a plantation.  
Mode of mixing and arranging plants in

## SKETCHES.

Belts of plantation.  
Effect of nearness in increasing the use of shrubs or trees for concealing objects.  
Irregular vista view of church, &c.  
Ditto through a stone Gothic arch.  
Foreground to a flatish country.  
Ditto to a more undulating tract.

## Foreground to a mountainous scene.

Ditto to the sea or a lake.  
Modes of planting in masses, with regard to their upper outlines.  
Clusters of Planting on swells and slopes.  
Picturesque grouping of rocks, &c.  
General picturesqueness in ground and Wooden rustic fences. [scenery.  
Tree-guards, of rustic wood.  
Thorns or Hollies around base of trees, for protection from cattle.  
Plantations straggling over the summit and down the face of a hill.  
Mode of forming terrace-walls.  
Masking changes of level at base of terrace walls.  
Trees that blend with Grecian architecture.  
Trees that blend with Gothic buildings.  
Planting groups by the margins of lakes.  
Rustic Bridges.  
Rustic Summer-houses.  
Modes of staking and supporting trees.

## SECTIONS.

Desirable form of land, as the site for house and garden.  
How a walk across a lawn may be sunk.  
General modes of shaping a lawn.  
Union of lines in undulations.  
Terrace-bank, descending from the house platform.  
Terraces ascending from the house.  
Treatment of sloping land along front of house.  
Slope of lawns to sunk or raised paths.  
Sunk fences of various kinds.  
Raised ground around specimens and in A Rectory garden. [plantations.  
Messrs. Frod's garden at Chester.  
Forming and undulating mounds.  
Sunk foot-path on the estate of Charles Longman, Esq.  
Banks of lakes and pitching.  
Sea-side garden.  
Tile and rubble drains.  
Bed of walk.  
Lodges for catching water in walks.  
Walks and their verges.  
Fruit-tree border against wall.

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Miss Crawford's narrative begins with a description of the small and little-frequented Bagni di Monte Catini, situated in the north of Tuscany, and on the verge of the beautiful Val Nievole. Few English people know of these baths; still fewer visit them: for they offer none of the usual attractions of continental watering-places, being horribly dull and intensely "slow." To drink the nauseous waters of the Tetuccio spring, dress charmingly, and flirt vigorously if haply opportunity offers; to sleep some good hours of the day, and eat as digestion and the *chef* may allow; to dash up and down the only shaded road to be found in the immediate neighbourhood, or to stroll lazily under the trees on the sidewalk; to meet the same half-score of faces everywhere, till you have learned by heart every detail of toilette, and every circumstance of the quarrels and flirtations carried on before your eyes,—these are not the most exciting modes of life to the restless Anglo-Saxon, who must somehow find the flavour of business in his pleasures, or persuade himself that his small vices are absolute duties. Wherefore, though the Catini baths are much resorted to by the Tuscans, they are almost wholly innocent of foreigners; whereby we should say that Miss Crawford was much favoured in her first introduction to Italian society. To see it pure and unadulterated by the presence of the English and Anglo-American elements, usually so overpowering in Italy, and seldom inviting, must have been a decided advantage, as she herself came to confess after she had known the difference.

When the transient season was about half over, Miss Crawford passed from the dull baths of Monte Catini, where the villagers go to bed at five o'clock in the winter "because it is cold, and they have nothing in the world to do," to the shores of Viareggio, a small seaport town about fifteen miles from Lucca. Here she found life even more monotonous than at Monte Catini. "The surf breaks upon an almost untrodden strand; the sunset glow upon the magnificent mountains of Carrara, arrests no wandering stranger's admiring gaze; and the tramp of horses' feet and the roll of

carriage-wheels are almost unknown sounds in the streets of Viareggio." Even in the two months' season, which Italian custom allows to sea-bathing places, Viareggio does not reap a very ample harvest: though, to be sure, those eccentric *forestieri*, *gli Inglesi*, stay a month longer than any one else, if they happen to go there at all, and generally arrive a month sooner. The Italian season is in July and August. To bathe in May is an act of insanity, only possible to the mad Englishman; to bathe in June is a trifle less irrational, but by no means commendable; but to bathe during the *sol leone*—the lion sun of July—is life, and health, and beauty, and vigour to the bather. The sea, during the *sol leone*, is the Italian woman's Castalia. August shows a decrease in these wonderful effects; still, sea baths in August are permissible. September sees all the naiads and tritons rushing homewards; and in October the place has gone to sleep, the hotels are deserted, the salons covered up in brown holland, the bathing machines are locked up, those nomads of every nation, the beggars, have limped and stalked away to fresh scenes of prey and plunder, and the hard-working Violante returns to her normal condition of domestic slavery and semistarvation on black bread and haricots soaked in oil. The lodgings in which our fair authoress and her friend established themselves were not of the most luxurious. Dirt, squalor, and insufficiency describe their general aspect. Spoons and forks were hard to be got; lamps that would burn without going out every ten minutes still harder; and any arrangement considered indispensable by English cleanliness or French neatness, as impracticable as if they had asked for the Lord Mayor's gilt coach, or Hunt and Roskell's silver services. When they complained, all the answer they got was a half smiling, half plaintive, "*Abbia pazienza; siamo contadini*"—"have patience; we are peasants." And this, to Violante, was a valid plea for forgiveness of everything amiss. It is this terribly hopeless state of feeling, this resignation to poverty, this want of ambition or energy to struggle upward, that is the ruin of the Italian peasant. Indeed we need not confine ourselves to the Italian; we see the same disaster repeated nearer home. The people with whom Miss Crawford lodged had barely enough to eat, even of the black bread, hot water thickened with macaroni, and haricot beans steeped in oil, which formed the staple of their food; and poor Violante often bewailed her hard life and the mistake which she made in marrying so young. This, Miss Crawford says, was the constant complaint of the Tuscan peasant-women. All who spoke to her on the subject "wished they had never married;" yet all see their sons and daughters rush into the same miserable error of marrying when little more than boys and girls, and with, literally, not a farthing with which to begin the world. Early and improvident marriages seem to be the curse of Italian as of Irish peasant life.

The children of Viareggio live in the water like South Sea Islanders. They bathe six or seven times a day, and stay in for one or two hours at a time. Indeed they are scarcely ever on dry land, and swim like fishes. The grown-up population bathes twice a day; some remaining only twenty or thirty minutes, others one or two hours. In the brief season the shore is often very animated; especially about "twenty-three o'clock, as the hour before sunset is called in Italy."

Then swaggers forth the exquisite in his shining patent leathers, straw-coloured kids, linen coat, and perfumed moustache; then floats lazily, in the midst of her flounces and crinoline, the dark-eyed Signora, with her Parisian bonnet and Italian grace; while on the sands before them lounges a lazy dirty Capuchin, with his rope girdle and sandaled feet, horribly suggestive of organisations unknown to refined society, and symbolising the worst features of the Catholic faith; and everywhere swarm troops of hideous beggars, from the Lazar-house leper covered with sores to the swarthy mendicant more bandit than beggar. The intervals are filled in by knots of half naked children, all brightness, dirt, *insouciance*, and grace, smiling as they run after you clamouring for pence, and vowing they are dying of misery, while they are laughing with joy. An Italian scene without beggars and children would be an Italian scene without olive-trees or sunlight. But the last "*felicissima notte*" was wished by hard-worked Viareggio; and now our travellers turn to Lucca, with its historical traditions, stifling, stove-like heat, its beautiful country, and summer desertion; and soon are following the Anglo-Saxon crowd, who, in hats, uglies, and wide-awakes, throng the roads to the Baths, along the banks of the violent and ill-conditioned Serchio. Thus they travelled through chestnut woods and old villages with Roman names, till they came to "the three villages, which are comprehended under the name of the Baths of Lucca," of which Ponte a Seraglio is the chief, and the ambition of all to find lodging-room within. The Baths of Lucca are gay, fashionable, and worldly; very unlike the quiet little Monte Catini; and with also this difference as well, that, whereas at Monte Catini you rarely see a foreigner, at the Bagni di Lucca you as rarely see a Lucchese family. The Tuscan gentry go everywhere but there; perhaps the purses and manners of the Americans and Anglo-Saxons who crowd to them in shoals may explain why. The Bagno alla Villa is the quiet, religious, white-band and stiff neckcloth *quartier*; "here come quiet families, serious families, strict in the performance of their religious duties, and families to whom the vicinity of the English church is far more attractive than that of the Casino." It is different too in aspect, for "the Ponte wears a gay, flaunting, dissipated look; while the Villa has an extremely quiet, retiring aspect, as if it shunned the pomp and flutter of the gay world." No gambling is allowed at the Baths. The present Grand Duke put a stop to the tables; much to the disgust of those mysterious foreigners of distinction under clouds, who congregate in such numbers wherever rouge-et-noir or roulette is found. The Grand Duke is an exception to his subjects in his love for the Baths. He is always there during the summer months, and is to be met at all times, riding about with his family in as homely style as any English squire or gentleman farmer might assume. He and his are singularly polite; bowing, and nodding, and smiling, with persevering alacrity, till they "almost overwhelm the passing stranger by the task of having to return such a volley of royal inclinations." Miss Crawford paints them with a light hand:

"Very stout in person, and past the prime of life, the Grand Duchess on such occasions was to be seen mounted on a somewhat diminutive horse, arrayed in a riding habit of some light yellow stuff, and wearing a large brown straw hat of a

mushroom shape upon her head. In his plain black coat and white beaver hat, the chief member of the party, the Grand Duke Leopold, an elderly man with a gray moustache, exhibited little of a princely air; whilst the young Archduke, in his linen tunic, and the little Archduchess, in a common Manchester print, were far from tending to increase the aristocratic aspect of the party."

Yet in spite of their affability and homeliness our authoress tells us they are detested by the Lucchese; for Leopold has imposed heavy taxes on his people, and does not even spend the money he thus amasses, but is accused of avarice and hoarding—vices even more unpardonable in a monarch than rapacity. On the other hand they idolized that wild, graceless, ne'er do weel, Carlo Ludovico, the late Duke of Lucca (Leopold is Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Siena has been absorbed), who made love to every woman he met, and cracked his joke with or the crown of every man: for he was a gay, reckless, jovial kind of sovereign, who did no harm to any one but a few pretty women, and spent his money like a prince, with a specially open hand to the poor and needy. They contrast them thus:

"Most opprobrious are the terms I have heard applied to him by the peasantry in conversation. 'He grinds us down to the ground,' says one: 'He takes the piece out of our children's mouths,' says another: 'The old miser! he has lots of treasure by him,' exclaims a third: and a fourth has gravely assured me that the Grand Duke, fearing that he will lose his throne, has sent whole sackfuls of gold to California, whither he is to follow it on the occasion of the next revolution in Tuscany. 'Oh! that we had Carlo Ludovico back again,' exclaim all, with one consent: 'he did not oppress us or rob us; he loved the English too, and the poor had always a kind friend in him. It was a black day for this country when it passed from the rule of Carlo Ludovico into that of Leopold of Tuscany.'"

At Pisa Miss Crawford found rain and winter; the Arno swollen to a furious torrent; a "stravagante" season—that is, excessively bad weather; the carnival and its maskers, beggars, melodramatic gentlemen in voluminous cloaks, facile women, atoning by confession and penance for the grave derelictions of wifely duty which the mad excitement of the carnival had induced; and the Leaning Tower. But she left with "Pisa and the beggars" as the one enduring concord in all this medley of sights and sounds. Florence gives her much the same kind of thing; but Florence opens out to her a wider view of Italian society than any she has yet been able to take. Of this she gives a very unfavourable account. Vice, ignorance, and superstition side by side with the worst form of scepticism—the scepticism which doubts of virtue; a mental slavery debasing both tyrant and the enslaved; a confirmed epicurism, which forbids exertion, work, or shame; such a low condition of female intellect and morality as grave, steady, stay-at-home English ladies can scarcely conceive to be possible in this nineteenth century;—this is the summary which may be made of her experience. And sad enough it is. Yet we must tell her that she has sketched in the shadows somewhat too heavily. Frivolous fashionable society is pretty much of the same calibre and complexion all over Europe; for where people live only for their senses and "the world," we cannot look for anything very ennobling or high-minded. We can quite understand how Miss Crawford, a young, unmarried lady, fresh from her father's retired country seat, would shrink back in horror at revelations which

perhaps the same manner of life might have furnished her in the dusky drawing rooms of May Fair. The circumstances of Italian fashionable life are bad enough; are they very much better in England or in France? Truly, we have not here the ignorance and superstition, the want of mental daring and the absence of political freedom, which go so far to degrade nations as well as individuals; but, other things equal, Italian women are no worse than their neighbours, and better than some whom, perhaps, it would be discourteous to name. All through the south of Europe the same social fault of woman's comparative degradation obtains. It is only the north which has given them their true position. If Italy would be free she must first raise her women into real womanhood, and give them the duties, responsibilities, self-restraint, and self-support which make the vital worth and grandeur of a woman's life. At present they are simply slaves sold to masters called husbands, whom they are bidden to love, but whom they love or hate as he suits their fancy. If the latter, they then choose, *sua sponte*, the lover most to their liking of all the handsome and agreeable men who are sure to gather round them as candidates for that office. To this lover they are generally faithful; and an infidelity to him is scouted by their "world." Miss Crawford has forgotten to give us this little ameliorating circumstance; but it helps us to understand the Italian women better than we should do, if we simply knew them as notoriously unfaithful wives. "*Les convenances*" are of vast importance in the arrangement. It is perfectly well known that Signora A., who was married out of a convent to that middle-aged and not prepossessing Signor A., whom she had only seen once in her life before her wedding-day, and then for not more than half-an-hour, has a decided affection for Signor B.: that, in fact, they have a decided mutual affection for each other. Well, the Italian world sees nothing very unnatural in the fact of a young creature, not yet nineteen, refusing to love an obese sleek gentleman, old enough to be her father at the very least; still less unnatural does it think it that she loves the sprightly, handsome Signor B., whom nature evidently intended for her "half-apple." The husband, who has bought his wife for certain considerations with which love has nothing to do, looks on complacent and permissive. He is an Italian, and understands Italian society. He did the same when he was young: *corpo di Bacco!* one must wink in the sunshine. So the affair is satisfactorily arranged, and society blinks with the signor; for in a case where all are sinners alike, who shall be judge? We think this is the simplest and fairest manner of stating the lamentable fact, that the marriage tie in Italy is not too rigidly kept. Even morality, to be true, must be just; and no justice can exist without going down to first causes. Italy will one day free herself from all these degrading circumstances. She will yet rise up from her cell, shake off her grave-clothes, break the fetters from her wrist and the gyves from her foot, and once more assume her place among the foremost nations of the world. "*Che sarà, sarà.*" The land which has produced a Portia, a Cornelia, and the women who have made the name of "Roman matron" synonymous with womanly heroism and dignity, cannot be for ever held by timid, frightened, nerveless *petites maîtresses*, who dare not cross the street

alone, and who think a voyage of half a dozen miles from home a life's affair.

Miss Crawford deserves to be heard on the Woman's question:

"In a country where the intellectual faculties of women are rated at a very low degree, it may readily be believed that education is a matter but little attended to. Thus error tends ever to its self-perpetuation. The weak and ignorant girl merges into the weak and ignorant mother, and not feeling her deficiencies, goes on in the old beaten track; which results in daughters as weak and ignorant as she is herself. So one generation of women follows another, impressed with the belief that the chief merit of their sex is to look handsome, and their chief duty to be well dressed. The course of instruction for girls in the upper and middle classes of society in Italy is of the flimsiest character: nothing is taught of a nature calculated to develop their mental faculties. Beneath the thin varnish of accomplishments that an Italian lady possesses, the most dense ignorance of the ordinary branches of knowledge may be found. I was intimately acquainted with two young ladies in Florence, who were well educated according to the Italian idea of that term; for they could play the piano tolerably well, speak French imperfectly, and could say 'Good morning,' and 'Good night,' and half a dozen more equally elaborate sentences in the English language. But with these accomplishments, of which they were extremely proud, neither of them could write without lines, or in any other than a child's large, ill-formed characters; history they were ignorant of; and the profundity of their ignorance of geography may be imagined from the fact, that neither of them knew of the existence of the celebrated Italian lake of Como. Geographical knowledge would seem, indeed, from the results of my experience, to be classed somewhat among the unfeminine branches of learning in Italy. 'Which is the farthest off, London or America?' asked a lively Florentine lady of me one day. I gave her the desired information, with a secret wonder at the ignorance the question implied; but greater grew my wonder, and severe was the test to which my gravity was put, when, after a few moments of apparent meditation, she exclaimed, 'What a very large city America must be!'"

And on the care taken of the young unmarried lady she also merits attention:

"The idea of a girl in Italy is indissolubly connected with that of a being devoid of all moral sense, infallibly preferring wrong to right, and who can only be kept from harm and evil by the most incessant watchfulness. A mother's whole maternal duties towards her daughter seem considered in Italy to be comprehended in the one act of vigilance. 'My daughter has never been, since she was nine years old, for more than twenty minutes at a time out of my sight,' said an Italian countess, boastfully; and by this declaration she appeared to think that she merited to take rank in the world's esteem with the mother of the Gracchi. A girl belonging to the upper ranks of life in Italy is practically a prisoner until she marries. Into society she must not enter; neither in the morning *féte*, or in the evening dance, is she permitted to display her charms and graces. An occasional walk with father, or brother, or mother, is permitted; but she must not go outside the house unless accompanied by her nearest kindred. To be seen alone, even but a few yards from her father's door, would entail upon her the deepest disgrace and heaviest censure. Kept under a perpetual surveillance, every line she writes and every line she receives are subjected to rigid scrutiny.

"The girl belonging to the humbler classes of society shares also, in a great degree, in the same restrictions on her liberty. The grown-up daughter of a woman keeping a lodging-house in Florence could not profit by my offer to take her to see the ceremony of the *Lavanda* at the Pitti Palace, solely because she was unable to procure a proper escort to accompany her in a ten minutes' walk through the best part of the town, to the place where I resided. A work-girl going to her em-



player's house has to provide herself with some companion; and, in emergencies, I have sometimes seen a little child do duty as duenna for the occasion. In the country the same rule prevails; no peasant girl is ever to be seen alone: and equally in the higher as in the lower classes of society would any infringement of the social code, in this respect, be fatal to matrimonial expectations. Under these circumstances, the proceedings of unmarried English ladies excite the wonder and envy of their sex in Italy. Often have I been amused at the way in which the most commonplace exploits have been magnified into heroic actions; and not unfrequently did I find myself elevated to the dignity of a heroine, when utterly unconscious that I had in any way merited the name assigned me."

This is all very sorrowful; still we do not despair of the future. Once let in the light, and the bats and vampires, and cold unformed things that love the darkness, will disappear. Steam and railroads have banished ghosts and spectres; and education in Italy will banish all these social spectres as well.

The condition of the peasants seemed to our authoress as mournful as that of the women. Hard work, hard fare, no hope on earth, no help from their kind, heavy toil from the cradle to the grave, and a weary heart to bear the burdens of life,—such, she says, is their real life under the trailing vine branches in the shadows of the leafy chestnut woods. And yet they are not so utterly wretched as our sympathising English lady thought them. The climate and dear, bountiful nature do much for them. All about them lies beauty, and only during a very short period of the year are they shut out from their open-air enjoyments and the many simple pleasures that make their heavy burden lighter and better able to be borne. An Italian peasant, with his crust of bread, his bunch of grapes, his bottle of bad wine, his wife and children, and opera songs—which, for the most part, he sings in time, and with correct enunciation—is not half so sordidly miserable in circumstances as Hodge fuddling himself with beer at the public-house, because there is no fire at home, or Hodge's brother in London maddening himself with gin down that reeking, seething alley. The law of compensation comes into play here, as everywhere else; and the Italian has a thousand unseen compensations for the want of those grosser physical enjoyments which we call indispensable comforts. Other nations do not regard them as such. A dietary which is imperative on the inhabitants of a cold or humid country may be indefinitely lightened for those of a warmer latitude. Take the Hindû's handful of rice, or the negro's pumpkin squash as the absolute, and we pass through very many gradations before we come to the ultimate—the beef and porter, for the loss of which our stalwart Guardsmen died like sheep in the Crimea. An Arab will live, thrive, and exhibit marvellous powers of endurance and strength on a few dates and a dhoura cake; a Scotch Highlander elaborates his brawny thews and sinews out of oatmeal porridge and whiskey; an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair flourishes his shillelagh in a fist of iron nerved by potatoes and buttermilk; and an Italian peasant, with his bread and fruit, is not the moping half starved wretch a well-fed London footman would believe him to be. Miss Crawford falls into the common mistake of taking her own home experience as the rule from which all deviations must be mistakes. When she has seen more of the world, and mixed more freely with

various classes of men and minds, she will find in nothing a greater divergence than in the arrangements and possessions which each man holds as indispensable to his well-being. An Esquimaux chief is absolutely worse off than an English beggar; but the English beggar is not therefore relatively the happier man.

The Italian peasant too is not quite so deserted as our authoress says. True, there is no squirearchy, as in England; no tract-leaving, Dorcas meeting, district-visiting ladies to wander from cottage to cottage. But the Sisters of Charity are ever ready to do their deeds of love and pity; the Compagnia della Misericordia has a full purse, somewhat ignobly furnished, and never stints its own alms to the poor and needy; and rarely does a suffering wretch lie lonely and destitute in Italy, where the Roman Catholic church has its ministers of grace, if it has its tyrants of thought. Patients are taken to the hospital; the sick have money, linen, medicine, and attendance given to them at their own homes; the poor mother owes to the blessed Compagnia all the aid and care that carry her safely through her hour of trial; and the feeble convalescent is strengthened with soup and wine, also from the same source. La Compagnia della Misericordia is one of the noblest institutions in Florence, as the Sisters of Charity are in France, or wherever else they exist. We must not shut out all the bright lights from the picture. The painted window in the Cathedral, full of saints, and with La Santa Madonna in the midst, sheds a brilliant light upon the crowd of poor and children kneeling on the pavement: so, Catholic charity, though shining athwart emblems of superstition, blesses and rejoices all those on whom it falls.

But we must leave this agreeable book, with its kindly feelings and pleasant gossipry, to the reader's private criticism; parting from the authoress with the hope of soon meeting her again, and congratulating her and hers on the undeniable success of her maiden effort.

*Memoirs of the Empress Catherine II. Written by Herself. With a Preface by A. Herzen. (Trübner & Co.)*

MANY people will be rejoiced to see Mr. Herzen's remarkable publication translated into English, and so brought within the range of a wider circle of readers than it could have commanded in its original French. It is certainly one of the most striking works of the day; and if genuine—which there seems no reason to doubt—it is no less important in its political bearing than interesting in its historical details. As Mr. Herzen says, "What renders the present publication of serious consequence to the imperial house of Russia is, that it proves not only that this house does not belong to the family of Romanoff, but that it does not even belong to that of Holstein-Gottorp. The avowal of Catherine on this point is very explicit; the father of the Emperor Paul is *Sergius Solतिकoff*." These are not child's play revelations in the present day, with the feeling of political dissatisfaction creeping through a large part of Russian society. Of course doubt has been thrown on the authenticity of the document; but we think that Mr. Herzen's account will stand its ground. It is simple, and without mystification; and, though he does not give the name of his immediate source—the

reason for which reticence is perfectly intelligible—enough is said to show the possibility and likelihood of his having received a genuine copy of the genuine composition of Catherine. And if internal evidence may be accepted, Mr. Herzen has that in his favour.

Immediately after the death of the Empress Catherine II., the Emperor Paul ordered Count Rostoptchine to seal up all her papers, he himself being present. Among those papers he found two of terrible importance; one from Alexis Orloff, "in which in a cynical tone, and with a drunken hand, he announced to the Empress the assassination of her husband Peter III.;" the other a manuscript written entirely by Catherine, and enclosed in a sealed cover, directed "To his Imperial Highness, the Cesarewitch and Grand Duke Paul, my beloved son." This was the memoir in question. Paul kept the discovery of this manuscript and its contents a profound secret, entrusting it only to his intimate friend Prince Alexander Kourakine, who, however, took a copy, from which, twenty years after Paul's death, Alexander Tourgenoff and Prince Michael Worontzoff in turn obtained copies. The Emperor Nicholas got news of this, and the secret police were set to work to seize all the transcripts made: among them was found one written out by the poet Pouschkin while at Odessa. The circulation of the memoirs was thus stopped. Count D. Bloudoff took the original to the Czar, who read it, then sealed it with the great seal of state, and sent it to the imperial archives, there to be kept among the most sacred and secret state papers. Constantine Arsenieff, tutor to the present emperor, told Herzen all these details, adding that in 1840 he had permission to read this and many other secret documents for the better teaching of Russian history to his pupil, the Grand Duke Alexander. During the Crimean war the archives were transported to Moscow, and in March, 1855, the present emperor had the memoir brought to him to read. By some means, unexplained, copies then got about; and from one of them Mr. Herzen says he obtained the present publication. The story is plain and straightforward enough, and reads like truth, which at all events is presumptive, though not conclusive, evidence in its favour.

When Peter I. died, the crown of Russia became the prize for which every ambitious noble or intriguing foreigner fought and played. "The groom Biren, the singer Rasoumowsky, the Prince Dolgorouky, the plebeian Menchikoff, the oligarch Volynski—every one was anxious for a shred of the imperial mantle." But Menchikoff put a stop to all dissension by proclaiming Catherine, Peter's widow and his own one-time mistress, Empress of all the Russias, and supreme mother of the country. Mr. Herzen thus sums up her successors:

"The reign of Catherine I. was short. After her, the crown passed from head to head as chance directed: from the once Livonian tavern-keeper to a street-boy (Peter II.); from this street-boy, who died of small-pox, to the Duchess of Courland (Anne); from the Duchess of Courland to a Princess of Mecklenburg (wife of a Prince of Brunswick, who reigned in the name of an infant in the cradle (Ivan); from this boy, born too late to reign, the crown passed to the head of a woman born too soon—Elizabeth. She it is who represents legitimacy."

Into the unhallowed groups haunting the Winter Palace, where vice was the rule and

virtue the exception, we now see introduced a young German girl, Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst-Bernburg, the affianced bride of a drunken savage idiot, afterwards her murdered husband, Peter III. The German girl, who went to that luxurious court with her three or four gowns, "the twelve chemises which constituted the whole of her linen," and without sheets, was the modern Semiramis, Catherine II. That little girl had but a sorry time of it. Whether as a daughter subject to her vixen mother, as a young wife mated to her brutal spouse, or as the Grand-Duchess, heiress to a jealous, drunken, tyrannical queen, she was equally miserable in circumstance—with nothing but her pliancy and her pride, her craft and her ambition, to enable her to steer her way safely among the shoals and rocks besetting it. Even after she had become a mother, and given an heir to the throne—no matter how—she was no better treated. Her child taken from her, herself neglected and overlooked, she was made to feel with bitter force that her importance was only relative, and that, her "mission" of maternity accomplished, she might perish of neglect for all the thought or care bestowed on her. Elizabeth did not think how that young, neglected mother would revenge herself in history and fact for the part forced on her now!

Very curious are the glimpses which this memoir affords us of the inner workings of that court life. On the one hand, we have the young German of fourteen, with her hair dressed "à la Moyne," playful, clever, already diplomatic, and with most admirable tact, working hard to cultivate her mind, and studying the Russian language even when in bed, and with the one unvarying thought before her: "I shall be Empress of all the Russias;" on the other, her idiot fiancé, with his toys and puppets, his childish play at military matters, his drunkenness, coarse intrigues, and coarser confidences, his total incapacity, and the want of principle that accompanies imbecility. Again, ranged by Catherine, stands her scolding, stingy, greedy mother, who boxes her ears and robs her of her presents, who leads her into debt for the purpose of paying off her own scores, and gives her no rest any way; till, at last, she is sent off to her own country, and we come to a happy end of her fretfulness and dastardly spite. While, towering over the savage she has adopted, and whom she so heartily despises, stands the regal Elizabeth, bloated with drink, dark with suspicion and jealousy, setting spies and jailers round the young girl, so that even after she is married and a mother, she cannot quit her apartment without permission, inaccessible to all but intrigues and lies, and dismissing and degrading every friend or faithful servant which the Grand Duchess made. What a scene of stifled passions here, and of reckless indulgence there; of tyranny and slavery, of debt, dissipation, extravagance, and intrigue; what a seething hotbed of vice, what a fruitful nursery of crime! We know of no sadder, and few more degrading, chapters in human history, than that furnished by the crimes and sufferings of the Russian Court.

Catherine began her life of self-restraint early. "From the first she was silent, and listened" to the outpourings of her unmanly cub, "which gained his confidence," to such a point, that, after she had been at court two or three days, he told her of his love for one of the maids of honour, whom

he wished to marry, though he was now "resigned" to marry Catherine instead. Then, in the illness which she caught by her imprudent night studies, she "accustomed herself to lie with her eyes closed," so heard all that people said who fancied she was asleep, and spoke unwarily therefore. In this way she heard how much annoyed the Empress had been with her, Catherine's mother; who, during the first days of the girl's convalescence, made her give up a favourite piece of finery, a blue and silver dress, which our greedy German *frau* coveted for her own adornment. Then in the following anecdote, how large a portion of discretion comes slanting athwart the ambition and the disgust:

"One afternoon, when the Grand Duke was in our room, the Empress entered suddenly, and desired my mother to follow her into the other apartment. Count Lestock followed there also. The Grand Duke and I sat upon a window-sill, waiting. The conversation lasted a long time. At last Count Lestock came out, and, in passing, came near the place where the Grand Duke and I were sitting laughing, and said to us, 'This merriment will soon cease.' And then, turning to me, he added, 'You may pack up; you are going to set off home at once.' The Grand Duke wished to know the reason of this. 'You will learn afterwards,' was the reply of the Count, who departed to fulfil the commission with which he was charged, and of the nature of which I was ignorant. The Grand Duke and myself were left to ruminate on what we had heard. His commentaries were in words; mine in thoughts. 'But,' he said, 'if your mother is in fault, you are not.' I answered, 'My duty is to follow my mother, and do what she orders me.' I saw plainly that he would have parted from me without regret. As for myself, considering his character and sentiments, the matter was nearly indifferent to me also, but the crown of Russia was not so. At last the door of the bed-room opened, and the Empress came out with a flushed face and an angry look. My mother followed her, her eyes red, and filled with tears. As we scrambled down from the window where we were perched, and which was rather high, the Empress smiled. She then kissed us both, and departed. When she had gone, we learned pretty nearly how matters stood."

But Catherine is all submission! She will wear her hair in any style that shall best suit the Empress; she will be faithful and orthodox to any religion prescribed; she will dress simply when in her sight, and ride a lady's saddle with both feet on the same side, also when in her sight;—we need not ask of the sumptuous dresses when out of sight, nor of the return to the man's stride across the horse's back, when galloping out of the range of the palace windows; she avoids all traps set for her, and is uniform in her professions of respect and self-abnegation. But two things she cannot do—she cannot love her idiot, nor keep herself clear of debt. For both delinquencies she may be excused. Indeed she could scarcely have done otherwise. In the matter of expense, her allowance was not large, and she was surrounded by a set of harpies, whom she had to bribe to common humanity, and often vainly, by large donations; then she was by nature extravagant and luxurious, and thought vastly of jewels, silver tissues, and the like. As to the husband, who could have loved him? A fortnight after their marriage he entertains her with his love for Mademoiselle Carr, another maid of honour to her majesty: a little while after, he awakens her at night, as he comes to bed drunken and savage, to tell her of his love for the little, ugly, hump-

backed Princess of Courland, "thumping her in the side," and swearing at her, because she remains obstinately asleep and will not have his tipsy confidences; then he wants to divorce, or poison her, he is indifferent which, that he may marry Elizabeth Voronoff; and besides all these humiliations to her womanly pride, he further disgusts her senses. He keeps a pack of hounds in his room, behind a screen, so that it is "like sleeping in a kennel," says the poor young embryo Empress with a quail. He flogs them so unmercifully that she weeps for pity, for she is overflowing with sentiment, and tears are for ever in her eyes. He teaches them to hunt, to play tricks, to leap in his room, and the din he raises can only be expressed by one word—*infernal*; and then, when tired of this howling, yelping pack, he turns to his violin, and scrapes on it with all his might, creating even worse and more maddening screeches than the unfortunate dogs produced. In bed he covers the counterpane with toys—some of them heavy and cumbersome—forcing his wife to keep awake till one or two o'clock in the morning, while he amuses himself with them; and he has a puppet garrison, and puppet sentinels, to whom he commands his servants to pay military honours and duties, in all seriousness, as if the play were a reality. Once he catches an unhappy rat, which he hangs after solemn court-martial, on the convicted plea of his having eaten one of the pith sentinels during the night. What love could Catherine, with her talents and her power, have for such an imbecile as this? What respect or honour for such an ill-conditioned savage? She did not attempt to feign in the matter; for all that the Empress took her to task one day for crying, saying "that young women who did not love their husbands were always crying," but that "as she was married she must not cry any more."

Things did not go quite according to the notions of Elizabeth. The Grand Duchess was without children; and it seemed unlikely, under present arrangements, that this reproach would be removed. Wherefore, Madame Tchogloloff, the virtuous woman of the court *par excellence*, was deputed to tell her that this state of affairs was displeasing to the Empress, and out of order, and that she must amend it forthwith; Sergius Soltikoff, or Leon Narichkine, were the "amenders" pointed out, and the young wife was bidden to make her choice between them. The young wife had already made her choice; but she affected supreme simplicity, accompanied with her usual charming acquiescence; keeping the past to herself, and not revealing, for the present, that Narichkine and Soltikoff were partners in the firm actually existing, or that she was debating with herself whether Prince Poniatowski would not be admitted as well. He was admitted very soon, and Catherine's degradation was complete. The result of her intrigue with Soltikoff was the Emperor Paul; it is not so easy to say who was the father of her second child. Yet a little while before this, Andrew Czernicheff, with whom she seems to have had a mild kind of platonic flirtation, was dismissed and arrested; so careful was Elizabeth of the purity which afterwards she commanded should be bartered away like so much merchandise for a certain amount of gain. We are bound to say that Catherine II. improved on her recommendation, but Russia has never been singularly famous for the pro-



pride of its court ladies, and a Catherine only a little exaggerates the national characteristic.

Soltikoff soon got tired of his mistress; and Leon Narichkine at last became so familiar and even insolent in his manners that the Grand Duchess was obliged to chastise him in a fashion charmingly descriptive of the refinements of the Winter Palace:

"After this *fête*, Leon Narichkine renewed his visits to me. One day, on entering my boudoir, I found him impudently stretched on a couch there, and singing an absurd song; seeing this, I went out, closing the door after me. Going immediately to his sister-in-law, I told her we must get a good bundle of nettles, and with them chastise this fellow, who had for some time past behaved so insolently towards us, and teach him to respect us. His sister-in-law readily consented, and we forthwith had brought to us some good strong rods, surrounded with nettles. We took along with us one of my women, a widow, named Tatiana Jouriéva, and we all three entered the cabinet, where we found Leon Narichkine singing his song at the top of his voice. When he saw us he tried to make off, but we whipped him so well with our rods and nettles, that his hands, legs, and face were swollen for two or three days to such a degree that he could not accompany us to Peterhoff on the morrow, which was a court day, but was obliged to remain in his room. He took care, besides, not to boast of what had occurred, because we assured him that on the least sign of impoliteness, or ground of complaint, we would renew the operation, seeing that there was no other means of managing him. All this was done as a mere joke, and without anger, but our gentleman felt it sufficiently to recollect it, and did not again expose himself to it, at least not to the same extent as before."

Poniatowski's star was still in the ascendant while these memoirs were being written, and a letter in the appendix addressed to him speaks with enthusiasm of Alexis Orloff, her most celebrated lover, the murderer of her husband, and her own ruler and governor. It is sad to watch the gradual and steady degradation of a creature to whom nature had given such great gifts of power and intelligence, who, under decent training, would have been one of the brightest of historical characters, and who, even through all the coarseness and vice with which she loaded her soul, retained so much that was excellent and admirable, so much that was superior to the outside bearing of Catherine II. The self-control that became falsehood, the tact that narrowed into craft, the genial gaiety and pleasure-loving good nature that coarsened into sensuality and licentiousness; the speculative intellect that hardened into cynical scepticism—what might not have been done with all these powers, had there been one grand or generous nature to direct them? The capacity which led down to such evil might have been drawn upward to as much good: and few biographies show more painfully the fatal force of early influences than that of Catherine of Russia, with her ability, her power, and her sad licentiousness and crimes.

Her position at the court was always painful. From the first day of her introduction there, under the guardianship of her maternal virago, and the companionship of her idiot betrothed, to the last of her semi-imprisonment and slavery under the Empress, she had no joy but what she could get from her secret intrigues and illicit pleasures, no support but what she could derive from her undirected intellectual studies. Her personal comforts were at times rudely disregarded, even to the risk

of personal danger; as when her first child, Paul, was born, and she was left without attendance or aid, lying on a miserable pallet, exposed to draughts and cold winds. Her liberty was at all times so circumscribed that she could not leave her apartment without permission, nor receive a friend except by stealth; and the species of antagonism in which she existed so marked, that if she singled out a servant for praise, that servant was dismissed; if she made a friend of any court lady, that lady was exiled or disgraced; while all the people notoriously inimical to her and her interests, were placed about her as gaolers or as spies. This wretched imbroglia went near to break even her iron spirit: and matters grew so bad that she became ill, called in physician and confessor, appealed to the justice of the Empress for her rights, or to her mercy to send her back to her native German court, and threw the whole Winter Palace into confusion by dividing it between two parties—of which one wished her death or dismissal, and the other, her more honourable condition and the befitting recognition of her state. It is just at this point that the narrative breaks off—just where she tells how the Empress was questioning her on the private life and habits of the Grand Duke, with a view to her condemnation or forgiveness for the disgraceful misunderstanding in which they lived. The Schouvaloffs, who had lately been put about her, were her great enemies; and it is a curiously dramatic scene wherein she records how she and her husband appeared before the Empress to state their joint complaints, with Alexander Schouvaloff as open witness, and his brother John concealed behind the screen: this passionate scene of tears, reproaches, recriminations, and anger, taking place between one and three in the morning, according to the habits of the Empress. For Elizabeth did nothing like other people. She would sometimes go to bed in the middle of the day and get up in the middle of the night; she used frequently to sleep in her clothes in the first chair or couch that offered; she would eat at all times, and never had a fixed hour for meals or for anything else: and when she travelled with her court and suite, used very nearly to kill them all with her savage irregularities, and her extraordinary powers of endurance. So that it was quite in keeping with the normal life of that strange, wild, tipsy woman, that the belligerent pair should be dragged out of their beds, in the middle of the night, bade to dress, and taken to her apartments as to a kind of regal *Vehmgericht*, where no one knew the issue. How, indeed, could that issue be predicated where the instruments to deal with it were half-drunken savages, some of whom were endowed with absolute power, while the others thirsted for their removal, and their own time of triumph instead? History tells us the result. Catherine was not sent away; and three years after, Elizabeth died; and then Alexis Orloff struck down the last lumbering obstacle standing between the autocracy of all the Russians and the little German girl who, eighteen years ago, had come to the court with her hair "à la Moïse," and with only three or four frocks in her boxes.

And as it was absolutely necessary that one or the other should be murdered—as it was very certain that if Catherine had not been beforehand with Peter, Peter would have assassinated her, as it was simply a question of superior strength and the quickest-handed craft, why, it was better

that Peter should be the sacrifice. History gained little by either; but it would have gained least by him. For, endowed with all Catherine's special vices, and even in more hideous shapes and excess than hers, he had none of her powers, and was destitute of the capacity which redeemed her and her reign from what would else have been abject infamy. It was a fight between savages or wild beasts, wherein to regret the victim would be a simple waste of sensibility.

In the Appendix is given a letter from Catherine to her lover, Poniatowsky, in which she details the progress of the revolution which placed her on the throne; repudiates the famous pretensions of the Princess Dashkoff, younger sister to Elizabeth Voronoff, who indeed, so far from doing everything, as she assumes, "was in very bad odour on account of her connections;" gives a lying account of Peter's death, which she attributes to disease; and ends with a grand flourish of trumpets about Divine Providence, miracles, and the good will of God, which, she says, could alone "have produced so many felicitous combinations." That belief in God's aid is one of the most remarkable idiosyncrasies of the political and historical criminal. Murderers thank God for the blood they have shed; perjurers see in themselves the destined missionaries of an idea, the divinely-appointed teachers of a neglected truth; the oppressor and the invader orders a *Te Deum* after the battle which has desolated countless innocent hearths, and destroyed the independence of a brave people; Charles IX. and Claverhouse gave glory to the Father of Love that they had massacred so many thousands of His children, who worshipped him in all faithful sincerity, and according to their conscience. And now we have Catherine, reeking with blood, claiming the direct interposition of Providence in her favour, which alone had enabled her to assassinate and murder for her private ambition, and which had visibly supported her while she mounted the throne, whose slippery steps she had saturated with blood. The French ambassador sums up the then condition of the empire not quite so piously:

"What a sight for the nation itself, a calm spectator of these events! On one side, the grandson of Peter I. dethroned and put to death; on the other, the grandson of the Czar Ivan languishing in fetters; while a Princess of Anhalt usurps the throne of their ancestors, clearing her way to it by a regicide."

In these Memoirs, one of the most marked omissions is any mention made of the Russian people. Of court intrigues, as we have seen, a superabundance; of royal delinquencies a little; of princely influences also a little; but of the people, of the nation as represented in the *moujiks* and artisans, no more than of its draught cattle. And yet that people has more than once made itself felt and heard; though to be sure at that time it stood by, and quietly watched the intrigues which changed the masters of the Winter Palace, and the name of the supreme ruler, with as much indifference as it might have watched the changing of an idol's clothes. The nobles, the reigning family, and the Preobrazhensky regiment were the sole actors, and the only interested in the play which flung the crown like a football from right to left. The people, buried in its snowy villages, or huddled in its miserable lodgings, now and then howled under the lash of a brutal master—but the affairs of the court and throne were far too

high for them. But before Catherine died, this same people, the despised serfs with "their persecuted beard and prohibited dress," made themselves heard, and that pretty loudly, when "the Cossack Pougatcheff, at the head of an army of insurgent peasants, menaced Moscow." It spoke out again heroically and patriotically in 1812; and there are abundant signs to show that it is now dumbly struggling with a word to which it will some day give terrible utterance if not translated for it, before it has learnt its true significance. At all events history is not now, even in Russia, such a mere matter of court intrigue as it used to be; and we hope and believe that the time of such events as Catherine speaks of, has passed away for ever; passed away with that unblushing cynicism of morals which made Russia a by-word to all the other nations of Europe.

*A Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler.* By his Friend, the Rev. J. W. Burgon, M.A., Fellow of Oriel. (Murray.)

THIS is the life of a distinguished *littérateur*, and of a thoroughly good and interesting man. Interesting in himself, he enjoyed the blessings of a father, a home, and a social circle, each and all of which contributed to render him a still more attractive subject for a memoir. And it is only fair to add that Mr. Burgon's labours in the work of editing have established for him a claim to no common share of approbation as a biographer. His style and manner, if quaint, have nothing repulsive about them; and it is not every day that we find a memoir-writer antiquated enough to dedicate to "*Her most Sacred Majesty, the Queen*," and liberal enough to allow Scott, Venn, and Newton a fair share of praise, though they are viewed from the platform of the High Oxford School. It so happens, also, that a circumstance which has increased the value of the book, has also given point to Mr. Burgon's speciality. The first half of his book, comprising the period between Tytler's early boyhood and the prime of his manhood, is almost entirely made up of a manuscript contribution by the late Miss Ann Fraser Tytler, an elder sister. This accomplished lady died while the present work was in progress; but the chivalrous deference which Mr. Burgon seems to have exhibited in the task of eliciting the manuscript contribution, and the more than respectful way in which he has treated it during the course of his narrative, are decidedly of a piece with that veneration which bows even yet to the "sacredness" of majesty.

Patrick Fraser Tytler was born on the 30th of August, 1791. He was the scion of an ancient house; for the Tytler family, under the more ancient style of "De Tytloure," are mentioned in documents as old as the reign of David Bruce (1364), besides having furnished forth three champions to the fatal field of Flodden (1513), two of whom were slain bravely fighting for George, Lord Seaton. The "virtuous father" of this "virtuous son" was the well-known and truly noble Lord Woodhouselee, the friend of Henry Mackenzie, Abercrombie, Robertson, Playfair, Gregory, and Dugald Stewart, and the author of the very popular "*Elements of General History*." The home which the youthful Patrick enjoyed at Woodhouselee was indeed one of rare happiness. A lovely spot in itself, it was made still

pleasanter by the owner's taste and judgment, and by the deserved popularity which his excellence as a landlord won for him among the villagers. Here young Tytler led a happy, desultory boyhood, reading little but "Percy's Reliques" and "The Arabian Nights," but full of spirits and of all manner of curious and original ways. The following anecdote, given in his brother James's own words, is perfect in its kind; and the note of frightened apology might have been written by an unbreeched Burns:

"He had got hold of a gun of mine, and had contrived to break the main-spring of the lock. Afraid, I presume, to face me on the occasion, he managed to print a little note addressed to me, and containing these words: '*O Jamie, dinna think of guns, for the main-spring of that is broken, and my heart is broken.*'"

He was but five years old at this time. Nor did he show, when two or three years older, any deficiency in spirit and manliness:

"Who, that had seen the apparently gentle boy, with his mild sweet expression, would have known him again, when, with his face all bruised and streaming with blood, he darted into the room one day, and, addressing his youngest sister, exclaimed: 'Wash my face; quick, quick; put a cold key down my back, and let me out again to the bicker.'

"This bicker lasted three successive days after school-hours. It was the last I remember. The master found it necessary to make a firm stand against so barbarous and dangerous a mode of warfare. The boys of the High School and of the University were jealous of each other, and perpetually quarrelling; and when this spirit now and then proceeded to a height, a bicker was a necessary, though by no means a safe vent to their fury. They were drawn out in battle array, facing each other; each party with a mountain of small stones by their side, which they hurled without mercy at the heads of their enemies till one of the parties gave in."

Walter Scott, Henry Mackenzie, Mackintosh, Dugald Stewart, and Sydney Smith were frequent visitors at the hospitable mansion of Woodhouselee. Here are specimens of the pleasant store of reminiscences which are heaped together in this volume. It should be remarked that "Peter," occurring below, was the family nickname of Patrick Tytler:

"Walter Scott was a most fond father. To watch his expression of pleasure when Sophia afterwards became his companion, and used to sing to him his favourite old ballads, you would have thought him an enthusiast in music; but he had little or no ear: it was the words and the singer that inspired him. Sophia was his favourite child, but he was fond and proud of all of them. Taking a letter one day from his pocket when on a morning visit to my mother, he said,—'Mrs. Tytler, here is a letter from my son Walter, which I am sure you will like to see.' We asked afterwards if there was anything remarkable in the letter. 'No, nothing whatever. It was only a request for more pocket money.'

"Other frequent guests at Woodhouselee were Dugald and Mrs. Stewart. He was of a graver cast, yet he was no deep philosopher to the younger branches of the family. In one of those visits, on some one going into the drawing-room after breakfast, they found him alone with my brother Peter, running round the room, each balancing a peacock's feather on his nose. Sometimes, on our return from walking, Mr. Stewart would compliment us on our blooming complexions. Peter would then never fail to say: 'Now, young ladies, don't be puffed up; remember Mr. Stewart probably sees your cheeks quite green.' This was in allusion to a natural optical defect in Mr. Stewart's sight: to him, the cherries and leaves on a tree were the same colour; and there was no distinction of hue between the red coats of

the soldiers marching through a wood and the green trees themselves."

"With Henry Mackenzie's family we were also on terms of close intimacy. They lived for several years, during summer, at Auchendenny, within two miles of Woodhouselee. Drinking tea there one evening, we waited some time for Mr. Mackenzie's appearance: he came in at last, heated and excited: 'What a glorious evening I have had!' We thought he spoke of the weather, which was beautiful; but he went on to detail the intense enjoyment he had had in a cock-fight. Mrs. Mackenzie listened some time in silence; then, looking up in his face, she exclaimed in her gentle voice,—'Oh, Harry, Harry, your feeling is all on paper.'"

"Of Sydney Smith's visits to Woodhouselee I need not speak. His straightforward, generous, and benevolent character, and his sparkling wit, have been lately so admirably well described by his daughter, in the memoir of her father's life, as to leave me nothing to add. . . . But I may be allowed to interrupt the present narrative to remind the reader of a graphic incident which Lady Holland describes in her '*Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*,' and which she introduces by remarking that her father kept up, with hardly any exception, the friendships which he formed in Scotland: adding, 'and I heard an incident the other day which, trifle as it was, showed such affection for my father's memory that it quite touched me. One evening, my father was at his old friend Lord Woodhouselee's country house, near Edinburgh, when a violent storm of wind arose, and shook the windows so as to annoy everybody present, and prevent conversation. "Why do you not stop them?" said my father: "give me a knife, a screw, and a bit of wood, and I will cure it in a moment." He soon effected his purpose, fixed up his little bit of wood, and it was christened *Sydney's button*. Fifty years after, one of the family, finding Mr. Tytler papering and painting this room, exclaimed, "Oh! James, you are surely not touching *Sydney's button*!" but on running to examine the old place at the window, she found *Sydney's button* was there, preserved and respected amidst all the changes of masters, time, and taste.' And there Mr. James Tytler assures me that *Sydney's button* is still."

When young Tytler had grown from childhood to boyhood, and from boyhood to the more advanced period of youth, his mind had fully developed out of the wayward and perhaps healthful negligence of its earliest form, into the well-knit and athletic proportions that won for him his subsequent distinction. He then became the constant and affectionate literary companion of his father, the energy of whose mind relaxed in age nothing of its youthful vigour. The records of his grief when Lord Woodhouselee was taken from him just as he himself attained his majority, and just as he was hoping to achieve some task worthy of his father's commendation, display an agony of sorrow which could find place in none but the purest and most unsullied heart, a heart that owned a sound and unshaken allegiance to the sacred ties of family. Two years after this great loss, we find Tytler going with all the rest of the "travelling world," to visit the French capital, and to satisfy the desire of lion-hunting with the contemplation of such a gathering as the chances of war and politics bring together some twice or thrice in a thousand years. He thus describes a famous opera-scene:

"The boxes were indeed a very splendid sight; crowded with soldiers of the first rank in the different armies, in the richest, the most varied, and the most picturesque dresses that you can possibly conceive. Almost every one had on his breast one or more orders, stars of diamonds, crosses, ribbands. Some were absolutely covered with gold and jewels: and you may easily conceive that their rich uniforms, and their dark fine faces,



and immense mustachios, gave them a warlike and magnificent appearance. A Prussian hussar officer whom I sat beside, had been at the great battle of Leipsic, and was extremely communicative. After a short time, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Grand Duke Constantine, came into the theatre. Prince Henry, brother to the King of Prussia, is a fine dark soldierly-looking man, with dark hair and mustachios. As for the Arch-Duke, we did not see his figure, which we had heard was striking. His face certainly is not so. He is extremely like the Marquis of Queensberry. In the stage-box were the two sons of the King of Prussia, Prince Henry the eldest, the future King, a boy of only eighteen; and his brother, much younger. We had hardly time to examine these princes, when the whole theatre in an instant began shouting and clapping with the utmost vehemence. This was occasioned by the entrance of the Duc de Berri, who came forward to the front of the royal box, which was magnificently ornamented with red velvet covered with gold fleurs-de-lis. He bowed very low and gracefully to the audience. At this, you have no conception of the enthusiastic applause which was manifested. The theatre re-echoed with the cries of *Vive le Roi* *Vive les Bourbons*! and there was a huzzaing and clapping from which I have scarcely yet recovered. The manifestation of any great and general public feeling, of whatever kind it be, is always from the multitude of voices a sublime thing. In this instance it was not only sublime, but on account of the affection which was shown, it became excessively affecting.

"The audience had scarcely seated themselves and begun attending to the opera, and the actors had hardly resumed their part, when in a moment the whole theatre was on their legs again, and the huzzaing began with renewed vigour. We immediately found out that this enthusiastic sensation was occasioned by the entrance of LORD WELLINGTON, *le héros d'Angleterre*, as he is called in the French Gazette. He came forward to the front row of the box; and on the repeated cheers, and clapping, and cries of *Vive Wellington*! looked delighted indeed from his smile, but very awkward, and seemingly not knowing what use to make either of his hands or his head. At last, he leant against the box, and managed to make a bow to the audience; but it was quite the bow of an old soldier, unaccustomed to Courts, and at home only in the field. We had an excellent view of him, as we were hardly two yards from his box. His countenance is most striking indeed. Some of the prints we have in England are certainly like him, but all of them make him infinitely too young and florid looking. He has, on the contrary, a furrowed, care-worn face, and an anxious thoughtful look which I shall never forget. In the lower part of his face however, in his mouth, there is a kind of playfulness and humour which is extremely Irish. His smile is delightful; and to those round him in the box, particularly the ladies, he seemed full of affability."

Though for several years Patrick Tytler practised with success at the bar, yet history was all along his ruling passion; and the latter part of his life he was able to devote entirely to the prosecution of his various literary designs. Among the most eminent of these were his "History of Scotland," the first volume of which appeared in 1828, and was reviewed in the *Quarterly* by Sir Walter Scott; his "Lives of Scottish Worthies," of "Sir Walter Raleigh," and of "Henry VIII." He had some severe disappointments, having missed both the Deputy Keepership of the Records, and the post of Historiographer in Scotland. In the first instance, Sir Francis Palgrave was appointed by Lord Grey, mainly, as it was then understood, on political grounds. The second failure was more annoying, as having been brought about solely and entirely by an unexpected change of ministry, after the promise of the post, for which Mr. Tytler was so well qualified, had actually been

made, and when the whole of his family and friends were expecting nothing but the ratification of it. Mr. Burgon has told us on the title-page of this volume that he has intended his friend's "Life" to furnish the "portrait of a Christian Gentleman;" and we can with truth say that the letters of Patrick Tytler on these testing occasions, and his conduct as otherwise reported in reference to his disappointments, supply some of the noblest features in the portrait. It was not all disappointment, however. In November, 1843, he was honoured by her Majesty's commands to dine and sleep at Windsor, where he was particularly occupied in examining the Prince Consort's splendid collection of old miniatures—original portraits of the kings, queens, and eminent men of England, and of the Continent also, from the time of Henry VII. down to George III. A pension of 200*l.* a year quickly followed, the announcement of which he thus mentions in a private letter:

"On Saturday, poor Miss Annie's face was very long, almost trailing on the ground, for the water-pipes in my house in Edinburgh had burst, and the repairs, and other little thorns of bills, weighed her down; but, that evening, came a strange letter to me, with 'Robert Peel,' and 'private' on the back; and, in the inside, some very pleasant lines informing me that in consequence of his recommendation, the Queen had conferred on me for literary services to the country a pension of two hundred pounds per annum. This made Miss Annie skip, and think no more of the water-pipes; and made me think of dear Johnny, and some other kind old friends to whom I have just been writing."

Patrick Tytler died on Christmas Eve, 1849. We will conclude this fragmentary notice of a memoir, so entertaining as to admit of none but a fragmentary notice within our limits, with two more specimens of the varied store of anecdote scattered throughout the book. The first is one of Basil Hall's stories, Hall being a regular member of the Tytler circle:

"Travelling in an old-fashioned stage-coach, he found himself opposite to a good-humoured jolly Dandie Dinmont looking person, with whom he entered into conversation, and found him most intelligent. Dandie, who was a staunch loyalist as well as a stout yeoman, seemed equally pleased with his companion. 'Troth, Sir,' he said, 'I am weel content to meet wi' a discreet civil spoken gentleman wi' whom I can have a rational conversation, for I have been sairly put out. You see, Sir, a Radical fellow came into the coach. It was the only time I ever saw a Radical: an' he began abusing everything, saying that this was na a kintira fit to live in. And first he abused the King. Sir, I stood that. And then, he abused the constitution. Sir, I stood that. And then, he abused the farmers. Well, Sir, I stood it all. But then he took to abusing the yeomanry. Now, Sir, you ken I could na stand that, for I am a yeoman mysel; so I was under the necessity of being a wee rude like till him. So I seized him by the cuff of the neck: "Do you see that window, Sir? Apologeeze, apologeeze this very minute, or I'll just put your head through the window." Wi' that he apologeezed. "Now, Sir," I said, "you'll gang out o' the coach." And wi' that, I opened the door, and shot him out intil the road: and that's all I ever saw o' the Radical."

The next describes a scene at the house of the late Duke of Sussex:

"I must not forget to tell you about the party at the Duke of Sussex's. As far as splendid rooms (7 or 8 in a suite) and brilliant lighting could go, it was grand enough; but the brilliance was cast upon as odd-looking set of old codgers as ever my eyes lighted on. Some five or six hundred philosophers and antiquarians, poets, painters, artists of all descriptions, interspersed

with some Bishops, Prime Ministers, Earls, Marquises, and big wigs.

"On the tables were models of machines, maps, mathematical instruments; odd-looking clocks, and strange unintelligible contrivances. In one corner was a little fellow, with a huge head of white hair, and a face scarcely human, lecturing upon the Pyramids to a circle of *litterati*, some of them more odd-looking than himself. In another part stood the Royal Duke, surrounded by a cluster of *savans*, talking very loud about the constellations and signs of the zodiac, in a voice like a child's penny-trumpet. . . . I saw Prince Talleyrand, a most inhuman-looking old man, tottering under the weight of years, with long white hair flowing on his shoulders, and a face like a haggard old witch. Could I have had any one to point out to me the various eminent men who I dare say were there, it might have been much more entertaining; but although I saw some antiquaries and keepers of manuscripts whom I knew, I could not bother them by asking questions, which at all times I detest doing."

*Geschichte des Italienischen Volkes unter der Napoleonischen Herrschaft, als Grundlage einer neuesten Geschichte Italiens.* Von Dr. E. Ruth. (Williams & Norgate.)

FRAIL Cressid's uncharitable remark on those "who swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform," applies with singular force to this German importation. It is a strange medley of old and new learning, of facts that have long been stored in the author's memory, and of others that have but recently been added to his stock of knowledge; of ideas, mellow, ripe, and somewhat stale, and of new ideas, crude, exaggerated, and ill-arranged, which were begot by Dr. Ruth's recent reading, and forced upon him by the events of the time. This pamphlet has, we understand, produced a powerful sensation in the author's native country; it comes to us urgently, nay, imperiously recommended by an enthusiastic and jealous German public. Such a recommendation alone would entitle it to courtesy if not to indulgence, and it would be really a relief to us, it would free us from a very embarrassing position, were we able, conscientiously, to bestow upon it a faint echo of that praise which hailed its appearance among "the Nation of Thinkers." But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that, spite of its ambitious title, Dr. Ruth's work is merely a pamphlet, prompted by, but scarcely bearing upon, the present crisis; that so far from being a history of Italy under the Napoleonic domination, two-thirds at least of the little volume are devoted to the discussion of governments and events which preceded or followed the reign of Napoleon; that even the remaining third is encroached upon by sketches of the lives and works of Goldoni, Alfieri, Foscolo, Manzoni, and Pellico; and that the few pages which actually treat of the Peninsula in the period from 1800 to 1814 are for the most part filled with extracts from Coletta and other Italian writers, whose works are at this moment prominently before the public. We can understand why such a book should have impressed the Germans as one to be studied and pondered on, one containing astounding revelations and throwing floods of light on very dark passages of history. Of late years only have the writers of that country been permitted to record the misdeeds of princes and the sufferings of the people, and within a very recent period have the Germans had free access to modern

history. To them it is indeed a revelation when, Dr. Ruth, condensing the statements of the most popular Italian writers, tells the history of the early education and of the atrocious reign of King Ferdinand of Naples:

"The education of the future king, which was superintended by the Prince of San Nicandro, was influenced by Tanucci in so far only as he held that too great a degree of mental and moral cultivation must be deteriorating to the full enjoyment of the Royal dignity; and as his instructions to the persons charged with the prince's education were based upon this principle, the Prince of San Nicandro, obedient to Tanucci's orders, devoted all his attention to the bodily development of the prince, and allowed him to grow up with a stupidity, rudeness, and vulgarity of sentiments, unprecedented in the history of European courts. He became passionately fond of hunting; the old game-laws were re-enacted; the forests were extended; armies of gamekeepers were kept, and poachers sentenced and hanged. In his thirteenth year the prince was a pattern of physical strength and cultivation; but his ignorance, vulgarity, and superstition were such that at a later period he himself became aware of his shortcomings, and that he felt ashamed when conversing with well-bred men. His companions among the young nobles vied with him in boar-hunting and bird-shooting, in horsemanship, racing, and fishing, in vulgar doings, in scandalous and disgraceful proceedings. He was so vulgar, that, in a publican's clothes, in the open field, he established a pothouse, where his courtiers, dressed as waiters, sold cheap articles of food and drink. With equal perfection did he imitate the language, manners, and bargaining of the fishmongers, whenever he, several times in the year, established a fish-stall in the open street. But lazy and narrow-minded, he was not easily induced to transact the business of government; he rarely convoked the Council of State, and he very soon adjourned its sittings. He was even too lazy to sign public documents, and had his name engraved on a seal and impressed in his presence."

According to the theories of the divinity that doth hedge a king, which but lately prevailed in Germany, this sketch must have appeared outrageous, and the impression it produced must have been in exact proportion to the startling character of the revelation. Even at this present time Dr. Ruth, while ruthlessly exposing the follies of a defunct monarch, must have felt some slight misgivings as to the propriety of the proceeding. He tries hard to find redeeming features in the character of Ferdinand's wife, Queen Maria Caroline. That lady was a daughter of an Austrian empress, and her private vices at least are passed over in respectful silence, while her public misdeeds are excused by "the peculiarity of her position." We leave it to others to decide how far that peculiarity of position can be pleaded in defence of a queen who corresponded with Mammone, the miller, and who addressed as

"My General and my friend," a man who drank blood with extreme pleasure, even his own blood and that of the whole of his gang when they were bled, and who always had a bloody human head on his dinner-table. Blood and brandy he drank from a human skull, and frequently when at dinner he sent for his prisoners and killed them for amusement."

Dr. Ruth tells his readers that as he writes "nothing but a people's history," he may "fitly pass over the political changes under King Joseph, and somewhat later under Murat." And he most effectually does pass them over, by devoting about fifteen lines to the French or Napoleonic régime in Naples. In short, that which induces the public to

buy and read his pamphlet—the promise of the title-page—is a snare and a delusion. Dr. Ruth tells his readers a good deal about the hierarchy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; he presents them with fragments of the literary history of Italy, from Boccaccio to Pellico; he even supplies a couple of chapters of Piedmontese history under Victor Amadeus II. and Victor Amadeus III.; and strong in the possession of Colletta, he actually devotes four or five pages to Naples under Ferdinand and Maria Caroline; but his book contains not what every one of its purchasers expects to find in it: it does not contain the history of Italy under Napoleon, and it is void of exactly that information which must be of paramount interest at a time when the world is divided as to the probability and feasibility of another Napoleonic protectorate in the Italian Peninsula.

*Comets: their Constitution and Phases.* By Christopher Kemplay. (London: Longman & Co. Leeds: Smith.)

It is by no means a matter for surprise that there are few subjects on which speculation has been more rife, or hypothesis more abundant, than that of the nature of comets. The less our knowledge of the causes of any physical phenomena, the greater our tendency to frame theories by which they may be accounted for. In the case of comets, the present state of our knowledge is certainly such that we are prepared to receive a fresh theory respecting them quite as a matter of course. Mr. Kemplay's hypothesis, which we have now to examine, aims at explaining cometary phenomena in accordance with known principles of physical laws. It is not, strictly speaking, a new theory, having been in existence ever since 1842: the choice of the present time for its final promulgation was determined partly by the interest excited by the brilliant comet of last year, partly by the conviction of the author, that more recent observations tend to establish its truth. We will proceed to state very briefly its peculiar points.

Sir Isaac Newton regarded comets as compact solid bodies, moving in fixed but very various orbits,—in fact, as a kind of planets; their tail being a very thin and slender vapour, emitted by the head or nucleus, ignited or heated by the sun. As far as the motion of comets is concerned, experience has fully confirmed Newton's views; but as to their constitution, the opinion has gradually gained ground that the whole mass of the comet is composed of gas or vapour, mostly in a state of extreme tenuity, but, in the nucleus, in a state of comparative condensation. A strong argument for this view is found in the fact that the star-like appearance of the nucleus becomes less distinct, the greater the magnifying power which is brought to bear on it. Mr. Kemplay's theory is a further advance in the same direction. According to him, a comet is "a body of gaseous matter, homogeneous and indistinguishable in its parts, and nearly, but not perfectly, transparent." The form which a body of this nature, moving, as comets do, round the sun in a very elliptical orbit, would assume, under the combined influences of the internal attraction of its particles, and the external attraction of the sun, would be that of a prolate spheroid, or oval, with its major axis in the direction of the line of external attraction. As the body approached the sun, its major axis

would increase in length, and it would become more prolate; and, as it receded from the sun, the length of its major axis would diminish, and it would approach more nearly to the spherical form. It now remains to reconcile the appearances usually presented by comets with the form which, according to this view, they really possess. This Mr. Kemplay does by supposing that we never see the whole of a comet (the gaseous matter of which it is composed not being luminous in itself, but only such portions of it as are illumined by the sun's rays; the apparent form of the comet being determined by the refractive power of the matter of which it consists). The parallel rays of the sun, falling upon the convex surface of the comet, will converge into a focus, which will generally be within the spheroid, and will then diverge until they reach its further limits. If the mass of the comet be at all of a nebulous or misty character, the course of the refracted rays will be indicated by a luminous appearance; and the degree of brilliancy of any part (supposing the mass to be uniformly nebulous) will depend upon the number of rays passing through that part. The focus will be brightest, and this is the nucleus of the comet; the head, or nebulous envelope of the nucleus, is formed by the converging and diverging rays near the focus; and the tail, by the continuation of the diverging rays, when they are further dispersed, and shine consequently with a feebler lustre.

Such is, briefly, Mr. Kemplay's theory. According to it, the tail of a comet ought always to extend in a straight line away from the sun, which is, generally, but not always, the case. It explains the fact that the tail is longest when the comet is nearest the sun. The spheroid becomes more prolate as it approaches nearer to the sun, so that the surface on which the rays fall becomes more convex as the comet approaches its perihelion; and the more convex the surface, the shorter the focus, and consequently the longer the diverging rays. As the comet recedes from the sun, its surface becomes less convex, and the focus gradually longer, until at last it falls beyond the limits of the spheroid, and the comet is no longer visible. The sudden disappearance of Halley's comet in 1836 may be accounted for in this way. The backward curvature of the tail, which is frequently observed when the comet is near its perihelion, is explained by the inclined position which the comet assumes at that period, owing to its parts which are farthest from the sun (the tail) having to pass through a much larger space in the same time than the parts nearest the sun (the nucleus). The fact that the sides of the tail are more brilliant than the centre, Mr. Kemplay attributes to the convergence of more rays at the sides than in the centre, and illustrates his explanations by diagrams. The streaming light which occasionally shoots along the tail with inconceivable rapidity, he accounts for by an undulation in the whole mass of the comet, producing an effect analogous to that observed in a field of corn, when shaken by the wind.

The above are the principal cometary phenomena of which Mr. Kemplay's theory offers a consistent explanation. Those which are inconsistent with it are, principally, the occasional appearance of a shorter and wider tail, extending on each side of the original tail, and varying in position; the occasional appearance of the tail at right angles to a line drawn from the sun; and the fact that, when



stars are seen through comets, no refraction of their rays is observed. The first of these facts Mr. Kemplay can only account for by supposing that the particular comets in which it was observed were subjected at the time to some peculiar disturbing influence, which modified their prolate spheroid form. The last two he is inclined to attribute to imperfect or prejudiced observation, observing that "in matters of scientific speculation the owner of a favourite theory is prone to take great liberties with things unknown." Mr. Kemplay generally shows great fairness in not attempting to conceal the facts which conflict with his theory; but in this case he seems to forget that it is at least as inexcusable to take liberties with things known as with things unknown, and that he could hardly take a greater liberty with the former than that of denying their existence.

Mr. Kemplay is not quite free from that jaunty method of illustration which it has of late become the fashion to introduce into scientific treatises. "Who," he asks, "ever saw a comet in the heavens resembling a great egg from the celestial Cygnus, or a sausage from the cuisine of Orion?" Again: "we cannot suppose those particles to move more swiftly than the agent which bears them onward, unless it be on the principle of sartorian equitation, when the rider finds himself advancing from the saddle to the neck of his galloping steed." We regret that these and similar illustrations, which may be admissible in a popular lecture, should have been retained in what is otherwise a clear and well-written exposition of a theory which deserves, at the least, the praise of great ingenuity. That it should afford a complete explanation of all cometary phenomena we have no right to expect, but in this respect it is certainly not inferior to any of its predecessors; and we believe that future observers will do well in being guided by it to direct their attention to points which have hitherto been comparatively unnoticed, but which may be of great importance to the determination of the nature and constitution of comets.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Exiles of Lucerna; or, the Sufferings of the Waldenses during the Persecution of 1686.* This is a third edition of a very interesting and well-written book. The secluded valleys of Lucerna, Perosa, and St. Martino, hidden in the recesses of the great chain of mountains which form the barrier between France and Italy, are the scene of a glorious series of struggles on behalf of religious freedom. The great movements of persecution which culminated in the outbreak of 1686, brought out displays of heroic constancy, strongly reminding the historical student of the early years of Christianity. And in the "Exiles of Lucerna" the Waldensian sufferers have found a memorial at once well conceived and worthily executed.

*Two Lectures on the Currency.* By Charles Neate, Esq., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. (J. H. & J. Parker.) These lectures were delivered in 1858. If this were not a period when the public mind is disturbed by rumours and apprehensions of war, we should say that the conclusions of the learned Professor would be sharply questioned. As it is, we are not sure that the opponents of the Bank Charter will not assail him through the congenial pages of the *Bankers' Circular*. But the perspicuous language and pregnant thoughts of the Professor will trouble his assailants more mightily than his conclusions. The lectures are part of a series in which a sketch was given of the history of the currency from the passing of the Bank Restriction Act to the

present time, and they are published "because the report of the Bullion Committee, which is the subject of the first lecture, supplied the basis of sound principles in relation to the currency, and the Bank Charter Act is the latest instance of their application." Why they should be published at this particular time we know not. Perhaps the Professor thinks, with some in the City, that the flow of silver to India, and the export of gold to the continent, together with the financial effects of the impending war, are likely to enlarge that drain of bullion which is now making progress, and which may draw public attention to the policy of the existing Bank Charter Act. Upon this supposition the publication is timely. The second lecture is, practically, the most adapted to the period. The Bank Charter Act is held to be "a great step in the right direction," the right direction being "towards the establishment of the only safe principle, the separation of the business of banking from the function of issue." The position of Mr. Neate, as the Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, will secure him a wide audience, and his arguments may probably effect the conversion of some, though the class who take the opposite side are remarkably strong in their convictions. But by all who want to see a fair and candid statement of the real points of debate upon the principles and operation of the Bank Charter Act, supported by able and temperate reasoning, this pamphlet may be referred to as the clearest and the most trustworthy that has appeared since Lord Overstone's Letters to the Times.

*Fifth Report of the Postmaster-General on the Post Office.* (Her Majesty's Stationery Office.) No public department supplies more interesting topics to the parliamentary literature of the day than the Post Office; and none of the previous reports from this department have been more interesting than the present. In fact these reports have gone on year after year increasing in novelty and interest; and we have no hesitation in recommending our friends to read them, in order to obtain an insight into the extraordinary organisation by which the correspondence of the country is interchanged. There is nothing like it in the whole world. As to the present report we shall not attempt to analyse it. Our business with it is solely as to literature. We find, then, that last year the Post Office conveyed 7,250,000 book packets; the average postage of which was 2½d. In the course of our avocations we have often had to complain of valuable books sent by post having been injured in transmission. Here is the explanation and the excuse given by Lord Colchester:

"Complaint is sometimes made that valuable books in their conveyance by post are injured. On this point I would remark, that the main duty of the Department being the prompt and rapid transmission of letters, the bags are made up in great haste, and are unavoidably subjected to rough usage in their transfer to and from the several carriages by which they are in succession conveyed; a transfer effected, in some instances, even while the train is in progress. This rough usage is harmless as regards letters, and rarely injures any book packets; but it does sometimes happen that a book with an ornamental binding, or a volume which is thin in proportion to its other dimensions, is damaged by the friction or pressure of the other contents of the bag, unless protected by being carefully packed between stiff boards. Books of this class, except when thus protected, should be transmitted by other means than the post-office."

This is perfectly reasonable. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer is a great admirer of parliamentary literature, and he has often told the House of Commons that there were unknown riches scattered among its neglected pages. No doubt there are of political, commercial, and statistical interest; and as if to confirm the assertion of his right hon. colleague, the Noble Postmaster here gives us a few social facts, illustrative of the weakness of poor human nature, and of the superior penetration of the official intellect. The psychological lesson to be learned is, that there is a tendency in the mind to record intentions as if they were accomplished facts, and the illustrations, a few of which we subjoin, are really curious:

"A merchant complained of delay in the delivery of a letter sent by him, and his clerk persisted in stating that

the letter had been duly posted; but when the clerk was told that he would be required to attest the posting on oath before a magistrate, he acknowledged that he had put the letter into his pocket and had, for a time, forgotten it."

"A person having applied for a missing letter, said to contain two 10s. and one 5s. Bank of England notes, and which he stated had been sent to him by his father, it appeared on inquiry that no such letter had been written, and he afterwards confessed that his object in asking for the letter was a device to keep in abeyance a pecuniary demand upon him by his landlady."

"A barrister complained to the Department of the non-delivery of a letter, containing the halves of two 10s. Bank of England notes, stating that he had posted the letter himself; but he shortly afterwards wrote to say that the letter had reached its destination. It appeared, that instead of putting it into the letter-box, he had dropped the letter in the street, where fortunately it was picked up by some honest person, who posted it."

"It was alleged that a letter, containing a cheque for 12s. 4s., sent to a London firm, had not reached its destination. After a lapse of three months, the letter was found at a paper-maché factory, to which it had evidently been sent among waste paper, after having been duly delivered."

"A person applied at the Leeds Post Office, and stated that two letters (one of which contained the half a bank note), which he had himself posted at that office, had not reached their destination; mentioning at the same time some circumstances associated with the alleged posting of the letters. After some conversation, he was requested to produce the letter which had informed him of the non-receipt of the letters in question; but instead of producing it, he, to his own great astonishment, took from his pocket the very letters which he believed he had himself posted."

*Dictionary of Universal Information.* Edited and Compiled by S. O. Beeton & John Sherer. (Beeton.) Six parts of this work, which is to be completed in twenty-four, have now been published, and they are quite sufficient to show its value, when the indefatigable editors shall have terminated their labours. What is it to be? It is to be a complete Gazetteer; a Cyclopædia of History; a Compendium of Biography; an Epitome of Mythology; a Treasury of Biblical Knowledge; a Chronological Record; and the correct pronunciation of every proper name is to be given. For threepence a part, the part consisting of thirty-two most closely printed octavo pages: these promises, large as they are, are ably and honourably fulfilled. This we know, for we have tested them. Nothing cheaper has yet been attempted in the cheap educational literature of the day.

*The Servant's Behaviour Book.* By Mrs. Motherly. (Bell & Daldy.) If domestics were to adopt and practise the principles here laid down, wages would rise on the one hand, and on the other, we should hear less of the universal complaints of carelessness, extravagance, and insolence. The purpose of the book is excellent.

Messrs. J. H. & J. Parker have published a second edition of Mr. Dawson's pamphlet, "May a Man marry his Wife's Sister?" a question which is answered in the negative. The same firm have republished, in a separate form, the learned paper from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by the Rev. Franke Parker, Rector of Luffington, in which it is shown that the Parian Chronicle, or the Epoch Marble of the Arundel Collection, brought to this country from Paros in 1627, is subversive of the common chronology. The reverend gentleman contends that the Julian year, which is commonly called B.C. 2, should be B.C. 1; and that this present Julian year, instead of being called A.D. 1859, should be called A.D. 1860. The whole argument is extremely curious and elaborate. Messrs. Parker have also republished Mr. Beckett Denison's Lecture at the Royal Institution, "On some of the grounds of dissatisfaction with Modern Gothic Architecture."

Messrs. Longmans have announced the approaching publication, in numbers, of a "People's Edition of Moore's National Airs." Edited by Mr. Charles William Glover. The People's Edition of the "Irish Melodies" has just been completed.

Mr. Cassell has issued the first number of his "Illustrated Family Bible," a publication upon which, he tells us, his heart has been set for several years. It is to appear weekly, and the price is one penny. For that penny there are no less than nine engravings of a superior character, illustrating the first four chapters of the Book of

Genesis; and a series of notes to each chapter, combining practical observations on the conduct of life with a vast amount of illustrative information. The publication in all respects promises to be as complete as it is unquestionably cheap.

We have received the fifth number of *Meliora*. It is a quarterly review of social science in its ethical, economical, political, and ameliorative aspects. It is admirably conducted: also, *The Quarterly Magazine of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity*. It contains, among its specialties, a very interesting article by Dudley Costello, "On the Accursed Races of France and Spain,"—the *Cagots*. We have also received Mr. John Robertson's paper, read before the Manchester Statistical Society, "On the Insalubrity of the deep Cornish Mines;" three Sermons published by Tweedie on subjects connected with the duties of temperance and abstinence; and the first part of *Cassell's Popular Natural History*, a profusely illustrated work.

#### THE LITERARY FUND.

An impression has been created that the sum of money which was offered, conditionally, for the endowment of a library in connection with the Literary Fund, was the property of Miss Burdett Coutts. We are now authoritatively informed that such is not the case, and in so far as we may have assisted in giving currency to the rumour, we sincerely regret that we should have aided in promoting it.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE forty-fourth anniversary festival of that excellent institution, the Artists' Benevolent Association, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday last. There was a large gathering of the leading artists and artists' friends; an excellent dinner was provided; the chairman, Lord Hardinge, the President of the Royal Academy, and other gentlemen, made speeches which added to the pleasure of the evening, and the Secretary read a satisfactory report: in short, the whole proceedings passed off with *éclat*. It was stated that during the past year seventy-three cases of distress were relieved by the Association, including in the branch called "The Relief Fund," sculptors, historical, landscape, and miniature painters, and engravers, and in the Benevolent Fund branch the widows and orphans of artists in every department. The income from all sources amounted during the year to 1959*l.*; the expenditure to 1914*l.*, of which the donations amounted to 1075*l.*; the expenses of all kinds to only 289*l.*; leaving a balance of 648*l.* for the Christmas distribution. The gentlemen present showed their interest in the object, and their appreciation of the management of the Association by the handsome subscription of 500*l.* We add our cordial expression of praise and good-will to the Association, as one of the very best and most economically conducted of its class in London.

We have been requested to state that the National Portrait Gallery, 29, Great George Street, Westminster, will be open to the public by tickets on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, from ten to five o'clock. Tickets, procurable as usual from Messrs. Colnaghi, Messrs. Graves and Mr. J. Smith (of New Bond Street), may be had also, on application, of Mr. Metchin, stationer, 20, Parliament Street, and of Mr. Dufour, stationer, 17A, Great George Street, Westminster.

Our readers may remember that one of the last portraits purchased for the National Portrait Gallery, which the authorities (on what grounds they do not say) state to be a portrait of the famous Countess of Pembroke, bears the inscription "March 12, A.D. 1614, No Spring till now." What these words could imply on such a portrait has formed a subject of considerable speculation, but no plausible solution has been suggested. Dr. Rimbault, however, in the last number of our

amusing (as well as instructive) contemporary, "Notes and Queries," has proposed a very curious one. He has found in various scarce old pamphlets, and other contemporaneous publications, that the winter of that year was remarkably severe—so severe as to make 1614 memorable as "the cold year," frost and snow continuing in fact till the 7th of March; and his explanation is that "the painter, wearied by the inclemency of the season,—the frosts and snows of months—records, when he had finished his task, the welcome approach of spring—'No Spring till now.'" This, he says, is "an easy and sensible interpretation." It is an ingenious one, certainly; how far it is probable we leave our readers to determine.

We see with regret that the exhibition of the pictures of David Cox, at the Turner Gallery, which we noticed a week or two back, and promised to recur to—has been suddenly closed. The room now contains Mr. Frith's 'Derby Day,' which is to remain on view there for a brief space. It looks very well in its new *locale*—on the whole better than it did either at the City Gallery or at the Marylebone Institution.

The Society of Arts is beginning to move actively in the preliminary preparations for the "International Exhibition of 1861." In an explanatory statement of their views, just issued, they state the proposition broadly thus: "It is proposed that the works to be exhibited in 1861 shall be selected for their excellence; that they shall be arranged in *classes*, and not according to *countries*; that music and painting shall be included; and that foreigners shall be admitted to contribute on the same conditions as British exhibitors." The council of the Society of Arts wish the exhibition to be held on the grounds of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 at South Kensington; and they offer, if the Commissioners will sign for 50,000*l.*, to be responsible for the other 200,000*l.*, which will be necessary as a guarantee fund. The council are men of faith, or they would hardly go on so calmly with their preparations for an international exhibition when all the rest of the world are looking forward to an international war.

The private view of the 11th Annual Exhibition of Inventions of the Society of Arts, was held at the Society's House, Adelphi, on Thursday evening, preparatory to its opening to the public on Monday.

The evening classes at King's College are proving eminently successful, if we may judge from the number of students, and the energy with which they prosecute the collegiate course of education. They number 378. Of these, 105 study Latin, 74 Greek, 161 French, 47 German, 10 Italian, 83 English, 100 Divinity, 30 History, 124 Mathematics, 35 Arithmetic, 23 Commerce, 15 Drawing, and 20 Chemistry. Last Saturday there was a distribution of prizes under the presidency of the Bishop of London; and besides the prizes a number of certificates of honour and merit have been awarded.

Dr. Lankester is about to deliver a course of six lectures on "Food" at the South Kensington Museum, by permission of the Committee of Council on Education. They will commence on the 2nd of May and terminate on the 6th of June. The object is to explain the nature and sources of human food, to demonstrate its chemical properties, and to describe and illustrate the natural history of plants yielding it.

Dr. Forbes Watson, of the Indian Office, Reporter on the Products of India, sends the following:

"An attempt made last year to grow 'gram'—the great horse food of northern and western India—in this country, succeeded in a few cases. I am anxious to have the experiment repeated this season on a more extended scale. A piece of ground well sheltered from north and east winds will be required, and should any of your country readers feel disposed to give this important pulse a trial, I shall be happy to send them some."

The members of the Art-Union of London will hold their General Meeting on Tuesday next, in the new Theatre Royal Adelphi, for the purpose of receiving the Council's Report, and for the distribution of the amount subscribed for the purchase of works of art for the year 1859.

We understand the prize drawings of the Metropolitan District Schools of Art will be exhibited during the Easter holidays at the South Kensington Museum, in the rooms provisionally prepared for the reception of the Vernon and Turner pictures. The class rooms of the Training School will also be open during the holidays for the inspection of the public.

Her Majesty has purchased the picture painted by Mr. Edmund D. Warren, son of the President of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 'Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest.'

His Majesty the Emperor of the French has most graciously presented Mr. Henry Bradbury with a magnificent gold snuff-box, surmounted by the imperial crown and cypher in brilliants.

Mr. E. Frankland has been appointed lecturer on chemistry at the Royal Military college.

Lady Morgan died last week in Lowndes Street, only a few months after she had completed her last work—the story of her life, which we reviewed a short time ago. She was born in Dublin in 1783, the daughter of a musician of some eminence named Owenson. Her first efforts were directed to poetry. At fourteen she produced a volume of miscellaneous verses, and afterwards a series of songs set to Irish airs. When only sixteen she had published two novels, which, although favourably spoken of at the time, produced no very important effects; but the "Wild Irish Girl," published in 1801, at once raised her to a conspicuous position in the world of letters. This book passed through seven editions, and introduced its authoress to the highest society. She first met Sir Charles Morgan, a physician of some note, at the house of the Marquis of Abercorn, and they were soon afterwards married. Her next work of importance was "France"—a critical review of the social state of that country rather than a book of travels. This achieved immense success, and led to a decision on the part of the then French Government to refuse the authoress readmission to the country. This was, disregarded, and Sir Charles and Lady Morgan stayed for some time in Paris on their way to Italy, moving in the first circles, and receiving unbounded adulation from every side, anecdotes of which Lady Morgan relates in her "Diary" with amusing *naïveté*. "Florence Macarthy," her second great novel, was published in England during her stay in France. To enumerate all her books would be somewhat tedious; the three which we have mentioned, together with the "Diary" just published, are the most important. Lady Morgan, although receiving large sums of money for her works, was not wealthy, and a pension of 300*l.* a year was conferred on her during the Ministry of Lord Grey. In the enjoyment of this she lived to the age of nearly seventy-six, retaining her full mental vigour to the last.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 20th April.

No slight sensation has been created here by the appearance of a pamphlet written by M. Samson, the actor of the Théâtre Français, and entitled "*Lettres à M. Jules Janin*." The reason of its publication is the following. M. Janin, in bringing out a volume on "Rachel," found it expedient or amusing, or it happened to spring up under his pen, to say that Mlle. Rachel had profited but a very short time by the lessons of her professor, Samson, had got rid of him as soon as she possibly could, and had owed all her genius and her success to "inspiration," and to the lessons taught her by "the echoes of the roof of the Théâtre Français!" Now this is just a phrase *à la Janin*, and just one of those fine things which the utterly ignorant catch at, and go about repeating. It is mighty fine to prate about inspiration, and to polish off periods upon the sudden "revelations of genius;" but there never was a durable revelation of genius of any kind or sort, that did not come after long and hard study. Mozart was an incontrovertible genius, but whoever studied



as he did? And when, for instance, did he write *Don Juan*? After he had studied what would have worn out any other brain. And Beethoven and Weber, and all the glorious tribe from the ancients downwards, and in every art! Where is the "revelation" that is not based on science? In the exponents, or exponents of the creations of other minds, this theory of mere "inspiration" holds good no more than it will do in a loftier sense. From Roscius down to Garrick and Kean, and from La Champmesle down to Mrs. Siddons, genius, however great, goes hand in hand with acquirement. Malibran is always the *cheval de bataille* of the silly people who fancy any greatness can be achieved without immense toil; but there never was a worse example selected, for never did there exist a human being who had been more severely tortured into knowing thoroughly all she could possibly know. The early years of Maria Garcia were those for which no gully slave would have exchanged his existence, and she, of all people in the world, could least have guessed the meaning of "untalented genius." But the difference of those who have, and those who have not, genius, is that the former, once put in the way, strike out new paths, they find, they invent (the word is one), and they do so easily; whilst the simply talented go steadily marching on at an even and equal pace, and reach the extreme end of their road, their goal, where it may be that some splendid edifice rises as a bar to further progress. Whereas, the untalented, tangled, and, too often, thorny paths struck out by genius lead to no set or practical terminus, but mostly to some wild expense or yawning precipice, with openings upon such glorious glimpses of the horizon. Beyond! that is the cry of genius; but after it has mastered and made its own the treasures of the past. Blessed be Shelley for having said the word and guessed the thing: "We are oppressed by what we know; we all of us, in our own age, know too much,—what we lack is, to imagine what we know." Never was truer word spoken; but Shelley does not say we should not "know," nor would he have dreamed of so saying; he, the unceasing studier and acquirer of science, and the child of genius, if ever one was born. Now, strangely enough, this precept of "imagining what is known" (which is one of the finest and profoundest ever given) was put in practice by Rachel, instinctively, and the proof of this is forthcoming in M. Samson's pamphlet; and a very curious circumstance it is. In a short brochure of M. de Custine's, printed in May, 1839, called "*Un mot de vérité sur Rachel*," the author gives an account of a visit he paid the sixteen years old tragedian, who, at that precise moment, had had a quarrel with her professor, M. Samson, and confided to her visitor all her inextinguishable grief thereat, touchingly exclaiming, among other things, "I am too young to be left to myself alone, to have no master!" In the course of conversation the following most remarkable declaration was made by Rachel: "M. Samson had such a large, elevated way of conceiving a rôle . . . he would teach me certain outbursts of nature, that I rendered in my own way; finding at night upon the stage that all his intonations returned to me, and I then reproduced them as really by inspiration!"

Let these words be well meditated; they contain one of the great secrets of art; they do great honour to her who spoke them at sixteen, and, in other words, they are the expression of Shelley's precept. Rachel "imagined what she knew;" which is what the vulgar call inspiration, those who lack genius never arriving at the imagination of what they know, but being content to go on heavily, stupidly, fruitlessly, knowing it only, to the end of their unimaginative days.

I would recommend M. Samson's pamphlet to the English public, for there are in it a collection of Rachel's letters that do her the utmost honour, and show her far superior to what had been supposed, while they prove that to the last she never attempted to escape from her highly-revered Professor. Janin's monograph of her will remain as a monument the more only of his levity and after unconsciousness.

You can conceive no sadder impression than that produced by the death of poor M<sup>lle</sup>. Bosio. It has really been a day of mourning here when the shocking news came. She was, though less well known than in England, universally admired and respected, and the words used by the LITERARY GAZETTE in speaking of her, are the only true ones: "it is an irreparable loss." Irreparable not only on account of her own merits, but because the fact of her being still there gave emulation to others who have now no cause to have any. As to Meyerbeer, I do not know what will become of his *Parodon*, for M<sup>lle</sup>. Penco can no more sing it than M<sup>lle</sup>. Borghi-Mamo could, if she were asked. Yet to M<sup>lle</sup>. Penco, Covent Garden must, I fear, be reduced.

It becomes more and more probable, however, that all artistic and other diversions and pre-occupations will be cut short before very long by a European war, for it daily becomes more difficult to see how this fatality can be avoided. In the immediate interior of the Tuileries, however, every one is playing at cross purposes. The other day, M. de Persigny announced in a salon, that the *Patrie* would soon be "warned" for its perpetual leaning towards war; and the very next day the order was given by M. Delangle, to an *employé* in his ministry, to "cut out the articles of the *Patrie*, and have them re-printed by the leading departmental journals."

Last night was Tamberlik's second performance of *Polnilto*, in Donizetti's opera of that name. This has made an extraordinary effect here, and the first night was a triumph. It is the finest, completest performance of Tamberlik's I have witnessed, and no praise given to it can be excessive. This time, too, the illustrious tenor may "be" satisfied—he is not applauded for any *tour de force*, for any one extraordinary note, but for his fine classical style and for his incomparable dramatic feeling. Since the immortal "Swan of Bergamo," since the never-to-be-forgotten-or-replaced Rubini, I have never witnessed anything so fine as Tamberlik last night. In another respect, too, he is deserving of every eulogy; he composes his parts so finely, dressing them, acting them, living them, so perfectly. In *Otello* he is not more Rossini's than he is Shakspeare's hero, and in *Polnilto* he is a Christian martyr of the early ages, recalling Corneille's *Polyeucte*, from which Donizetti took his poem. The opera is a very third-rate one, with two remarkably fine parts in it; the *finale* to the second act and the duet in the third. Both had to be repeated, and after the duet Tamberlik was frantically screamed for till he re-appeared five times! There was no mistake in all this; the *claque* folded its hands, and the real public, electrified, taken out of itself, did its own business with its own free energetic will. The listless ladies in the front rows of boxes, though knowing little of and caring nothing for music, clapped till their white gloves were the worse, and the lounging *élégants* actually let their eternal *lorgnons* fall from their dull eyes, and were as lively as though they had been at the Bourse instead of the Italiens. Altogether it was a splendid *soirée*, and as Meyerbeer (who heard Tamberlik for the first time) remarked to an acquaintance of mine, "We shall do well to listen to the last great artist, for the present generation will give us none of that superiority, and of that conscientiousness."

Some of the intimates of the Tuileries say we must look out for some decided movement directly after Easter. *En attendant*, the tent under which Louis Napoleon is to shelter himself in his campaign, is to be seen at Godillot's Repository.

Paris, Wednesday.

The Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists opened on Friday last. Nineteen twentieths of it are marked with hopeless mediocrity; and the remaining twentieth, though not devoid of merit, comprises not a single work—actually not one—of such transcendent merit as to cause crowds to cluster round it, or to fix it permanently on the mind. A common complaint of the struggling authors and artists of France is, that they are obstructed in their careers by the men they call

*accapareurs*—Scribe and one or two others in the drama; Dumas and one or two others in novels; M. this or M. that in art. But as regards the present exhibition, artists can make no such allegation, for neither H. Vernet, nor Ingres, nor Gudin, nor Rosa Bonheur, nor Meissonnier, has sent anything. They have consequently a fair field,—and they show that there is little in them.

The Exhibition consists of 3045 paintings, 472 pieces of sculpture, and 377 engravings, lithographs, or architectural designs. It was given out that the English would exhibit largely, and would be allowed a room to themselves; but there is no English room, and, so far as I have observed, the name of only one English artist figures in the catalogue. It is, however, stated that works from our countrymen are expected. The Exhibition has been got up in a very slovenly manner: many of the works not being numbered at all, others bearing different numbers to those under which they are set down in the catalogue, and the sculpture not even being put in place.

In addition to being devoid of striking merit, the Exhibition even lacks variety in the subjects treated. Of portraits there is a prodigious number, not a few of them being—singular example of Christian modesty!—of churchmen; of battle pieces from the Crimea there are more than enough; and of religious scenes there are plenty.

## SCIENTIFIC.

### MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON. *Institute of Actuaries*, 7 P.M.  
TUES. *Architectural Exhibition*, 8 P.M. Mr. F. P. Cockrell, "On Architectural Proportion."  
WED. *Society of Arts*, 8 P.M. Mr. J. A. Phillips, "On the Metallurgy of Lead."  
— *Royal Society of Literature*, 4.30 P.M.  
— *British Archaeological Association*, 8.30 P.M. Rev. Mr. Briggs, "On Recent Discoveries at Melbourn and Bredon, Derbyshire." Mr. Wakeham, "On Pembridge Castle, Herefordshire."  
— *British Meteorological Society*, 7 P.M. Council Meeting.  
THURS. *Naturalists' Society*, 7 P.M.  
— *Museum of Practical Geology*, 2.30 P.M. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Fishes."  
FRI. *United Service Institution*, 3 P.M. Major-General Portlock, "On the advantage of Cultivating the Natural and Experimental Sciences, as promoting the Social Comfort and Practical Utility of Military Men."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Wednesday, April 6. The Bishop of St. David's, President, in the chair. Mr. Wright gave an interesting account of the researches he had lately conducted at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury, the site of the Roman town of Uricum. This place he showed must have been one of great importance, from the wide area comprehended between its ancient walls, and occupying no less than 1400 acres. Two large masses of Roman wall have been, from time immemorial, visible above the surface, but it was not known, till Mr. Wright was enabled by the liberality of the Salopian landholders to make the late extensive excavations, how much of the original structure of the town lay buried hardly deeper below the surface than the ploughshare usually penetrated. In the course of his diggings, a detailed account of which will soon be published, Mr. Wright discovered the remains of a room 226 feet long by 30 broad; more than one fine Mosaic pavement, a quantity of brickwork, forming part of a wall, arranged in what has been called by antiquaries the herring-bone fashion; together with a second room—perhaps a court—and a third one beyond it. Near the same place, a very powerful hypocaust was laid bare, 37 feet by 25 feet in area, with the bases of above 120 columns, which once supported its roof. Adjoining this were the remains of a large building, whence a stone staircase, still quite perfect, descended into the hypocaust. In one room a quantity of burnt wheat was found; in another a large collection of personal ornaments, glass, hair pins, &c., were disinterred. Outside this building were abundant remains of human bodies, and in one place three were observed lying side by side, probably those of persons who had fled on the attack of the barbarians who destroyed the town; close to

them was a heap of small Roman coins, 120 in number, which has escaped the notice of their conquerors. Among other things discovered was a wall, the sides of which were lined with tessellated bricks; a considerable collection of the so-called Samian ware of the kind which has been abundantly noticed on other Roman sites in England, such as Caistor, Upchurch, &c.; much glass for windows in a state of preservation singularly perfect; and a paved street exactly resembling that at Leicester;—indeed there can be little doubt that the paved mediæval streets are accurate representations and descendants of those in the Roman towns. Only two acres out of the 1400 have as yet been carefully examined. We may, therefore, anticipate yet more extraordinary discoveries when the removal of the crops now growing over this ancient town shall enable Mr. Wright to prosecute his researches.

Mr. Vaux read a second paper, "On the Researches conducted by the Rev. Mr. Davis on the site of ancient Carthage," in which he gave a full account of the large collection of monuments from that city, which have lately arrived in England, and are now deposited in the British Museum. This collection consists mainly of three principal classes: 1. Masonic pavements. 2. Fragments of statuary, and architectural details. 3. Inscriptions in the Phœnician or Numidian character. In the first are some of the finest specimens of this art which have been ever sent to England, including admirable representations of many well-known animals and birds of Northern Africa, as the leopard, the wild boar, the antelope, deer, ostriches, peacocks, &c., the colours being often rendered still more evident by the insertion of coloured glass tesserae, which are still well preserved. Among the second class are two large imperial Roman statues, and a number of busts, more or less injured; but many of them exhibiting the remains of a good Roman style. Among the third are a great number of memorial stones, inscribed with the native characters of the country, and the large majority of them funeral in their object. Mr. Vaux expressed a decided opinion that none of the monuments yet sent home to England could with any show of evidence be deemed memorials of ancient Phœnician Carthage, but were rather the relics of the great city which was rebuilt after its destruction by Scipio, and was for many centuries, indeed, till the Muhammedan invasion, the capital of Northern Africa.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—April 16. Colonel Sykes, M.P., President, "Traits of Indian Character." The avowed object of the lecturer was to present the favourable side of the Hindu character. He readily admitted the existence of much evil among the natives, and, perhaps, even its preponderance over good. The Hindu, in fact, was represented as neither angel nor devil; but a man, sharing the faults and virtues of universal humanity. His much-talked-of immutability was disproved in a clear and succinct sketch of the countless changes and modifications which the Indian religious mind has undergone, tracing it from the primeval stage of elemental worship, and undeveloped caste, as displayed in the Rig Veda, down to modern times; especially advertising to the universal spread of Buddhism in India at one period, and its complete extinction at present throughout the Peninsula. The intense devotional sentiment, the charity, the fidelity, and even the chivalry of the natives of India, were severally illustrated by a series of appropriate anecdotes,—some historical; others, derived from the lecturer's own experience.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—March 9, Sir C. Lyell, Vice-President, in the chair. The following communications were read:—1. "On some Minerals from Persia." By the Hon. G. A. Murray. [Forwarded from the Foreign Office by order of Lord Malmesbury.] The mineral specimens referred to were obtained from the district between Tabriz and the Caspian, especially from the Karadagh Range, and consist of native copper, chrysocolla, red oxide and black oxide of copper, malachite, azure-copper, bornite, copper-glance,

copper-pyrites, varieties of galena, zinc-blende, magnetite, specular iron-ore, manganese-ore, orpiment, sulphur, and brown-coal. The series of copper-ores appears to indicate the existence of considerable masses of metallic mineral, probably in lodes or regular veins. The lead-ores have the appearance of having been taken either from veins of small size, or from near the surface of the ground. [The specimens alluded to were exhibited.]—2. "On the Veins of Tin-ore at Evigtok, near Arksut, Greenland." By J. W. Taylor, Esq., F.G.S.—3. "On the Permian Chitonids." By J. W. Kirkby, Esq. Communicated by T. Davidson, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S.—4. "On the Vegetable Structures in Coal." By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.G.S., Principal of McGill College, Montreal. After referring to the labours of others in the elucidation of the history of coal, the author remarks that in ordinary bituminous coal we recognise by the unaided eye laminae of a compact and more or less lustrous appearance, separated by uneven films and layers of fibrous anthracite or mineral charcoal. As the two kinds of material differ to some extent in origin and state of preservation, and in the methods of study applicable to them, he proceeds to treat of his subject under two heads:—1st. The structures preserved in the state of mineral charcoal. This substance consists of fragments of prosenchymatous and vasiform tissues in a carbonised state, somewhat flattened by pressure, and more or less impregnated with bituminous and mineral matters derived from the surrounding mass. It has resulted from the subaerial decay of vegetable matter; whilst the compact coal is the product of subaqueous putrefaction, modified by heat and exposure to air. The author proceeded (after describing the methods used by him in examining mineral charcoal and coal) to describe the tissues of Cryptogamous plants in the state of mineral charcoal. Among these he mentions *Lepidodendron* and *Ulodendron*, also disintegrated vascular bundles from the petioles of Ferns, the veins of Stigmarians leaves, and from some roots or stipes. He then describes tissues of Gymnospermous plants in the state of mineral charcoal; especially wood with disiciferous fibres and also with scalariform tissue, such as that of *Stigmaria* and *Calamodendron*; and the author remarks that probably the so-called cycadeous tissue hitherto met with in the coal has belonged to *Sigillaria*. The next chief heading of the paper has reference to structures preserved in the layers of compact coal, which constitutes a far larger proportion of the mass than the mineral charcoal does. The laminae of pitch or cherry-coal, says Dr. Dawson, when carefully traced over the surfaces of accumulation, are found to present the outline of flattened trunks. This is also true to a certain extent of the finer varieties of slate-coal; but the coarse coal appears to consist of extensive laminae of disintegrated vegetable matter mixed with mud. When the coal (especially the more shaly varieties) is held obliquely under a strong light, in the manner recommended by Goeppert, the surfaces of the laminae of coal present the forms of many well-known coal-plants, as *Sigillaria*, *Stigmaria*, *Poacites* (or *Næggerathia*), *Lepidodendron*, *Ulodendron*, and rough bark, perhaps of Conifers. When the coal is traced upward into the roof-shales, we often find the laminae of compact coal represented by flattened coaly trunks and leaves, now rendered distinct by being separated by clay. The relation of erect trees to the mass of the coal, and the state of preservation in which the wood and bark of these trees occur,—the microscopic appearances of coal,—the abundance of cortical tissue in the coal, associated with remains of herbaceous plants, leaves, &c., are next treated of.

The author offers the following general conclusions:

1. With respect to the plants which have contributed the vegetable matter of the coal, these are principally the *Sigillariae* and *Calamiteae*, but especially the former.

2. The woody matter of the axes of *Sigillaria* and *Calamiteae* and of coniferous trunks, as well as the scalariform tissues of the axes of the

*Lepidodendrea* and *Ulodendrea*, and the woody and vascular bundles of Ferns, appear principally in the state of mineral charcoal. The outer cortical envelope of these plants, together with such portions of their wood and of herbaceous plants and foliage as were submerged without subaerial decay, occur as compact coal of various degrees of purity, the cortical matter, owing to its greater resistance to aqueous infiltration, affording the purest coal. The relative amounts of all these substances found in the states of mineral charcoal and compact coal depend principally upon the greater or less prevalence of subaerial decay occasioned by greater or less dryness of the swampy flats on which the coal accumulated.

3. The structure of the coal accords with the view that its materials were accumulated by growth without any driftage of materials. The *Sigillariae* and *Calamiteae*, tall and branchless, and clothed only with rigid linear leaves, formed dense groves and jungles, in which the stumps and fallen trunks of dead trees became resolved by decay into shells of bark and loose fragments of rotten wood which currents must have swept away, but which the most gentle inundations, or even heavy rains, could scatter in layers over the surface, where they gradually became imbedded in a mass of roots, fallen leaves, and herbaceous plants.

4. The rate of accumulation of coal was very slow. The climate of the period, in the northern temperate zone, was of such a character that the true conifers show rings of growth not larger, or much less distinct than those of many of their northern congeners. The *Sigillariae* and *Calamiteae* were not, as often supposed, succulent plants. The former had, it is true, a very thick cellular inner bark; but their dense woody axes, their thick and nearly imperishable outer bark, their scanty and rigid foliage would indicate no very rapid growth. In the case of *Sigillariae*, the variations in the leaf-scars in different parts of the trunk, the intercalation of new ridges at the surface representing that of new woody wedges in the axis, the transverse marks left by the successive stages of upward growth, all indicate that at least several years must have been required for the growth of stems of moderate size. The enormous roots of these trees, and the conditions of the coal-swamps, must have exempted them from the danger of being overthrown by violence. They probably fell, in successive generations, from natural decay; and making every allowance for other materials, we may safely assert that every foot of thickness of pure bituminous coal implies the quiet growth and fall of at least fifty generations of *Sigillariae*, and therefore an undisturbed condition of forest-growth enduring through many centuries. Further, there is evidence that an immense amount of loose parenchymatous tissue, and even of wood, perished by decay; and we do not know to what extent even the most durable tissues may have disappeared in this way, so that in many coal-seams we may have only a very small part of the vegetable matter produced.

Lastly. The results stated in this paper refer to coal-beds of the middle coal-measures. A few facts which I have observed lead me to believe that in the thin seams of the lower coal-measures remains of *Næggerathia* and *Lepidodendron* are more abundant than in those of the middle coal-measures.† In the upper coal-measures similar modifications may be expected. These differences have been to a certain extent ascertained by Goeppert for some of the coal-beds of Silesia, and by Lesquereux for those of Ohio; but the subject is deserving of further investigation, more especially by the means proposed in this paper, and which the author hoped, should time and opportunity permit, to apply to the seventy-six successive coal-beds of the South Joggins.

\* Paper on Fossils from Nova Scotia, Proc. Geol. Soc., 1847.

† I may refer to my late paper on Devonian Plants from Canada for an example of a still older coal made up principally of remains of Lycopodiaceous plants of the genus *Psilophyton*.



FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE present is decidedly an improvement on most of the previous exhibitions of the junior Society of Water-Colour Painters. Of the 364 pictures which it comprises, some are excellent; very few are without some redeeming qualities; and the majority are at least careful and respectable productions. As will we suppose always be the case in a water-colour gallery, landscapes predominate. Indeed, what the Society just now most needs, is the addition of a few good painters of the figure, especially some who have a little more dash and spirit in them,—if possible, a spice of real honest sturdy humour. It is a great clog on the progress of the members of both the Water-Colour Societies that their exhibitions are confined to themselves. It is a necessity, perhaps, of their very existence, certainly of their confined space; but the tendency of it is to confirm them in a manner, if it be not to reduce all but the most vigorous intellects to a level of respectability, by putting them beyond the reach of the healthy stimulus of yearly competition with new minds.

The largest picture in the room, and that which attracts most notice, is Mr. E. H. Corbould's 'Dream of Fair Women' (212), after Tennyson. It has of course Mr. Corbould's glow and richness of colour, elaborate smoothness of finish, and drawing-room elegance of style. These form his manner, they have made him the fashionable painter he is, and it is hopeless to expect him to adopt a new manner now. But, accepting the conventionalism, and adopting the artist's own point of view, there is much to admire in the picture. As a whole, it has somewhat of the atmosphere of the opera house, but many of the parts, regarded separately, are very beautiful; for example, the two sculptress-like ladies on the left—she who draws herself to her full-height, "a daughter of the gods, divinely fair," and her companion, are not only lovely in themselves, but quite Tennysonian in feeling. The Egyptian lady is far less to our liking: this surely is not the painter's dream of Cleopatra? The knights are of Mr. Corbould's old smooth-faced type. In elaborateness of execution Mr. Corbould has, if possible, surpassed himself. Not only the faces and limbs of the ladies, but the very grass and ferns are worked up with the smooth finish of a miniature. His other pictures, 'Bold and Bashful' (240), and 'A Young Hand at Work' (340), are of the ordinary furniture class.

Opposite to Mr. Corbould's large picture, and dividing with it the general notice, is one of a very different character: 'An Emuete at Louvain in the olden time' (61), by L. Haghe. This is one of Mr. Haghe's best out-of-door scenes, and he has in it identified himself to a very great extent with the life of the time he represents. The lower part of the grand old town-house occupies the left hand side of the picture; and, whilst the struggle is yet going on without any very decisive result in the streets, a party of townsmen are making a desperate effort to force their way up the great staircase, which the guards at the top are as desperately defending. You see that it is a revolt of the townsmen, not merely by the habiliments and arms of the combatants, but by the energy with which the women are endeavouring to restrain some, and succour others. Here, too, an old man is carrying off a boy who has got crushed in the *mêlée*; there a beguine is wiping the sweat from the brow of a dying man, or half-a-dozen excited soldiers are bearing away sword-in-hand a wounded comrade. Full as the picture is of incident, the fight at the entrance of the Town Hall remains the centre of interest; and while the stir and excitement of an *émuete* is well suggested, there is no confusion. The sun has just sunk behind the houses, and flushed the clouds with the crimson of evening. Mr. Haghe is thus enabled to cast a becoming sombre hue over the scene, and to deepen without appearance of artifice the uncertainty of the distant strife. Every part of the picture is

carefully painted—the architecture in particular claims a word of praise—and altogether it is a very admirable work. His other more ambitious picture 'Cromwell' (53) is a conventional and common-place rendering of the thread-bare myth, of the Protector being surprised by his daughter, while contemplating remorsefully a portrait of Charles.

'The Peri' (73), by Henry Warren, is a large and exceedingly careful painting of the Peri of Moore standing disconsolate at the gate of Eden. It belongs to a class of pictures with which we confess to having little sympathy. Apparently the subject is chosen because it allows of an oriental play of colour and scenery. But the orientalism is like that of Moore himself, palpably got up for the occasion. The Peri has a pleasing but rather heavy, certainly not a handsome, face, and very substantial proportions—she is of the earth, earthy. But such praise as is due for gay colours, inoffensive form, and careful execution, is justly Mr. Warren's due. It seems rather a descent from such a subject to 'The Calf Sold' (75), which hangs close by; but we believe Mr. Warren would gain health and strength by more often grappling with these terrestrial objects. He has for instance a 'Flight into Egypt' (233), which has great refinement of feeling and gives evidence of thought, yet strive as hard as you may, it is impossible to get rid of the impression of its utter unreality.

Mr. Edmund Warren, on the other hand, seems steadily adopting more and more the habit of direct minute imitation of ordinary English nature. And though there is a little pedantry of detail about his 'Avenue, Evelyn Woods, Surrey' (228), there is uncommon truth and freshness in it. The light trembling foliage is excellently given, and the glancing sunshine is sunlight itself. Another picture by him, somewhat similar in size and style, 'Lost in the Woods' (88), is perhaps even more minute, but nothing can well surpass the truthfulness of the ivy climbing over the trunk of the tree, or the tangled brambles. Mr. Warren will, however, do well to be on his guard against being led away by praises of dainty manipulation.

There is power as well as skill in the pictures of Mr. Campion, but he is far too fond of strong colours. His 'British Seamen manning a boat to the rescue of a ship in distress' (147) has truth, purpose, and energy; but if he ever saw such a scene, and in such weather, he must know that he did not see these colours so harsh and crude as he has painted. So again in his 'Taking the Pledge, a Tipperary Temperance Meeting' (175), there is a touch of humour in the puzzled old sot who is being brought up to the table by his blowzy wife, in the comfortable-looking priest, and in the lively boy who is doing a bit of courting on the strength of having just signed the paper; but if Mr. Campion ever studied light and shadow and colour in an Irish cabin, he would have been conscious of the existence of a rare quality of tone and breadth of chiaroscuro. Like this, his 'Bargaining for the Widow's Pig' (4) has a good deal of Hibernian character about it.

We like the clear calm which Mr. Vacher throws over his Italian scenes. Passing from one to another of these, they are a little monotonous, perhaps, but they are hardly meant to be so looked at, and we only mention the impression as a hint to the painter. Mr. Rowbotham's Italian views are also, as they always are, bright, sparkling, and thoroughly enjoyable. But they are beginning to have in their repetition of colour and effect too much the appearance of being composed by recipe. There is some fine colour and real feeling for Venetian atmosphere in Mr. D'Egville's little drawing in body colours, 'San Trovaso, Venice' (276).

Of the English landscapes, those of Mr. Bennett bear away the bell. They have a good homely English character, evidence hard out-of-door study, a good eye for colour, and have a broad manly style of execution. 'The Junction of the Greta and Tees, Yorkshire' (67), is a capital work of its class; but 'The Tees and Mortram Tower, Yorkshire—Sunset' (204), is even better—reminding one

of a sunset of Cox's—though quite unlike Cox's in manner. Somewhat resembling Mr. Bennett in his choice of the broad, old-fashioned manner of working, is Mr. Whympere, who has some good woodland scenes here, but they lack the crisp, fresh, breezy look which should appertain to such views; and they are deficient in colour. Some of Mr. M'Kewan's English landscapes are also very pleasing; Mr. Simonau has a rough hearty drawing of a back street in 'Old Edinburgh' (96); and Mr. J. G. Philp, two or three views in which the sea coming-in—as in 'Waiting for the Tide, Bude Haven' (126),—or breaking against the cliffs, as 'Newlyn, Mount's Bay, Cornwall,'—is painted with nice observation.

We have no room to speak now of many other landscapes of merit, nor of some other figure-pieces we had marked; there are also several birds and animals by Mr. Weir; and, though last not least, a whole bouquet of flower-pieces, and an abundance of fruit, the offerings of fair fingers which ought not to pass unacknowledged; but we must leave them, hoping that, perchance, we may find opportunity for a brief mention of some of them hereafter.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.

THERE has just been opened at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, an Exhibition of a First Series of Historical Pictures, by Mr. L. W. Desanges, illustrative of those deeds of heroism performed during the recent wars in the Crimea and India, which obtained the much-prized distinction of the Victoria Cross. The idea is as happy as it is novel. The Victoria Cross is the order of the soldier, be his rank what it may. Not a distinction reserved for officers, and happily not a reward for privates merely, but one which any man may hope to win, and which any man would be proud to wear, it has an interest for all. And as the distinction is only conferred for deeds of conspicuous valour, it affords to a painter subjects of far more direct and personal interest and sympathy than are to be found in views of battles or sieges, or any other ordinary circumstances of modern warfare.

In this first series, Mr. Desanges has included seven large paintings, four or five finished studies for pictures which he is about to paint, and several heads, from the life, of the gallant fellows who are to be the heroes of the pictures, he is now at work upon. For, as Mr. Desanges states in a modest address prefixed to his Catalogue, each picture is "painted from actual sittings of the individual on whom the order has been conferred, so that authentic portraits may be relied on; and the details of each picture have been obtained from the statements of eye-witnesses, original sketches, and other sources of information which are accessible to him."

The first picture of the series represents 'Commander Hewett, R.N., repelling a sortie of Russians,' which it may be remembered he did by slewing round the Lancaster gun he had been ordered to spike and abandon, and firing it on the Russians who were advancing on his flank—an act of disobedience, for which the gallant young sailor got promotion and the cross. Hewett looks the fine frank hearty youth he is—a thorough English sailor—and the painter has hit off a characteristic likeness and produced a spirited picture. No. 2 shows Lord Lindsay, then an ensign in the Scots Fusilier Guards, at the battle of the Alma, with the colours of his regiment in his hand—all the colour-sergeants being shot down—rallying the regiment as the enemy were pouring a fearful fire into it immediately after it had crossed the river. This is one of the pictures fullest of incident of any of the series. Major Lindsay is the principal figure, yet the regiment itself is not reduced into insignificance. The scenery has been carefully studied, and there is an air of truth and reality about it not always attained in subjects of this class. The third picture is of the Soldiers' Battle, Inkerman, and depicts Sir Charles Russell and his noble little band forcing their way into the hardly contested sand-bag battery, where that officer had nearly met his fate. No. 4 carries the

spectator to India. Major Probyn of the Second Punjab Cavalry is engaged in a hand to hand fight at Agra, with half-a-dozen sepoys. He had cut down two, when his orderly, an old grey-headed Sikh—who lost his life in the encounter—came to his assistance. The picture is full of life and bustle, and the oriental costume and scenery serve well to break the uniformity of the series. From India we travel (in No. 5) to Kars, where Teesdale and his Turks are repulsing a flank entry which the Russians have succeeded in making in the darkness of the night into the redoubt Yuk-sek, Tchia: the combatants being made visible in the picture, on the one hand by an explosion, on the other by the full moon, which is shining heedlessly on the bloody turmoil.

In No. 6 we have Colonel Bell (of the 23rd) capturing single-handed a Russian gun at the Alma. Bell is grasping the head of one of the horses, who are rearing from the sudden check given to their headlong flight. It has been objected that the painter is in error in making Col. Bell capture this particular gun, the Russians having early in the day succeeded in carrying off one of their only two guns from the heights, and the other having been secured in position by the Coldstreams. But we believe it is the critic who has made the mistake. It was the gun which the Russians were hurrying away down the hill at full gallop that Bell intercepted and captured. The Coldstream's gun may be dimly seen in the distant breast-work. The portrait of Col. Bell in this picture is very characteristic; the horses are full of fire; through the smoke the struggle is seen still desperately proceeding; there is a capital bit of distance on the left, and the picture altogether is a spirited representation of a spirited episode in a day of great deeds. No. 7, which represents Major Goodlake of the Coldstream Guards, with his sharpshooters, defending the Windmill Ravine before Sebastopol, closes the series of large pictures.

The first two of the smaller ones are two renderings of a right noble deed of Corporal Shields, of the Welsh Fusiliers. In the first, No. 8, he is seeking alone amidst a fierce fire of musketry his adjutant, Lieut. Dyneley, who had fallen desperately wounded in the unsuccessful attack on the Redan. Having found him, Shields returned to the trenches, and procured the aid of Dr. Silvester, who gallantly volunteered to accompany him. In the next picture (No. 9), they are affording succour to the wounded man—all they could afford, for though Shields tried to carry him on his back, he was unable to bear the pain. Later in the evening Shields went out a third time with other volunteers, and brought poor Dyneley in; but he died before the dawn. Such of our readers as may have observed a keeper in one of our parks, wearing a godly beard, and having on his breast, besides several bars and medals, the Cross of Victoria and that of the Legion of Honour, will recognise him in the hero of these two pictures. No. 10 represents Colonel Hugh Percy—eye-glass in eye—dislodging the enemy from the Sand-bag battery at Inkerman. No. 11, Sergeant Ablett, of the Grenadier Guards, his face lit up by the burning fusée, throwing a live shell out of the trenches before Sebastopol. No. 12, Private Anthony Palmer of the same regiment, charging singly upon the enemy at Inkerman—and charging as if singly he could drive back a company. No. 13 represents Colonel Dickson, of the Artillery; 14, Private Parker, of the 4th Light Dragoons, defending Trumpet-major Crawford at Balacava; 15, Captain Aikmann, at the head of 100 Sikh Cavalry, charging 800 Sepoys, on the march to Lucknow; 16, Dr. Mouat and Sergeant Woodin dressing the wounds of Colonel Morris, under fire at Balacava; 17, Private McDermot saving the life of Col. Haly, at Inkerman; and 18, Major Elphinstone, of the Engineers, recovering scaling ladders, on the night of the repulse at the Redan. These form the series, but besides them there are several clever vigorous portraits of our knights of the cross—studies for future paintings.

We have gone over the subjects of the pictures as the best way of giving a notion of the purpose

and character of the exhibition. The series is the work of a painter who has entered upon it evidently in a spirit of hearty enthusiasm. Mr. Desanges has been hitherto best known as a portrait painter, and his practice in portraiture has enabled him to give truth, character, and resemblance to his heroes: but he shows here that he is not a mere painter of portraits. Hastily as some of the pictures have plainly been painted, they display great knowledge of the figure, and the power of representing it in vigorous action. The horses are also painted with much spirit. The great Duke is reported to have praised one of Allan's battle-pieces, because there was "not too much smoke." Mr. Desanges has also kept the smoke within proper limits. Probably he never saw fire (except at a review), but he contrives to impress the spectator with the stir and excitement as well as the horror of war: at the same time, he does not obtrude those repulsive and sickening features which some battle painters seem to delight in. Of course, being large gallery pictures they are not finished up with Pre-Raphaelite minuteness, but Mr. Desanges seems to have carefully studied the details, and for the most part the various portions fall into their respective places and assume a due keeping at the proper distance. Occasionally we might wish to see somewhat less coarseness of handling, less crudeness of colour, a broader chiaroscuro: but time may impart tone, practice in this style may give increased facility of hand, and a more leisurely reconsideration may show the painter where some extra-labour may amend deficiencies: and it is plain enough he does not shrink from labour. Meanwhile we gladly recognise what is good in them as paintings, still more what is commendable in selection of subject, and in the style in which the idea is so far worked out. The work is a considerable venture on the part of a young artist, and one of a kind that ought to meet with support if justified by its merits. The acts depicted are among the most heroic in our recent annals—worthy many of them of the most heroic days. Mr. Desanges is doing his best to represent them worthily, and we heartily wish him success.

The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours have sent in a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, signed by all the Members of the Society, urging their claims to be included in the arrangements about to be made for providing the Arts and Sciences with a home on the site of Burlington House. They urge:—"That this Society has been known and recognised as the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours upwards of a quarter of a century. That it was established in consequence of the greatly increased number of painters who adopted this purely British style of art, and for whose works there were no adequate means of exhibition, the older Water-Colour Society having scarcely sufficient room for the works of their own limited number of members, and the Royal Academy not recognising in their laws Water-Colour Painting as an admitted Branch of the Fine Arts. That during this long period the Exhibitions of the two Water-Colour Societies have been mainly instrumental in promoting and improving the public taste, as regards this particular branch of art; which has, confessedly, attained a higher degree of eminence in our own country, than throughout the whole of Europe. That the number of Water-Colour artists is still greatly increasing, and additional means for exhibiting their works, beyond the present very limited space for the purpose, is still urgently required; the Society is, in consequence, unable to give effect to their desire, to afford support and encouragement to numerous meritorious Artists, who are seeking efficient means of bringing their works into public notice. That your Memorialists hail with great satisfaction the general recognition of the excellence of British Water-Colour Art amongst Foreign Nations, as an important means of elevating the standard of taste in our own country, and also, as affording profitable employment to a large number of our countrymen, in an occupation which cannot fail to promote the national prosperity. That addi-

tional facilities of exhibition are self-evident means of accomplishing this most desirable end. Your Memorialists therefore humbly pray, that your Lordships will be pleased to take the case of this long-established Society into favourable consideration, in the arrangements which your Lordships may be pleased to make for the extension and exhibition of Works of Art, and that they may be admitted to the great privilege of sharing with the Royal Academy and the other Water-Colour Society in the space your Lordships may determine shall be allotted for the purpose."

In the House of Commons on the 15th inst., Mr. Coningham took an opportunity of complaining of three recent purchases of early Italian paintings, made on account of the National Gallery. One of them, he observed, was said to be a picture of Marco Bassaiti. With respect to this he had consulted persons who had great experience in the purchase of pictures, who entirely agreed with him that the whole surface of the picture had been restored, and that it had been so scribbled over as to have been rendered worthless. There was also a picture by Cima da Conegliano which presented a most unfavourable specimen of restoration, and which he believed had been purchased from some French dealer in Paris. The third picture was one which was formerly attributed to Morretto, but was now said to be by Moroni. He contended that it was not a genuine picture of that master, and that it was altogether a painting of an inferior character. Seeing that so large an expenditure of public money had been made in those purchases, he could not help calling the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the subject, for it amounted, in his opinion, almost to a malversation of the national funds. That the public money had, in the instances to which he had just adverted, been improperly laid out, he was prepared to maintain, and he should, upon some future occasion, be prepared to bring the subject more at length under the notice of the House. Purchases such as those lowered and deteriorated our collection of pictures, and he could not sit silent while paintings which he would not say might be referred to the class of mediocrity, but which were almost entirely worthless, were placed in the National Gallery." Mr. Disraeli, in reply, said "he was unprepared to enter into any criticism of the pictures. The subject was, however, one which was of great importance, and he should endeavour to obtain that information with respect to it, which would be expedient for the guidance of the Government as to the course which ought to be taken in reference to the National Gallery."

#### THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

PASSION WEEK MUSIC.—Although the theatres have been inaccessible to the public during the week, the concert-halls and music-rooms have been open. There has been music, in short, every day; and, although no great novelty has marked the period, a word or two about what has taken place may not be unacceptable.

On Monday, in the daytime, there was a concert of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, at Willis's Rooms, where some excellent specimens of the ancient and modern English schools in this especial department of art were carefully given by the members—Mr. Oliphant, the secretary, delivering (as at the first concert) some comments on the various pieces introduced in the programme.

In the evening, the Monday Popular Concerts commenced a second series of entertainments on the new plan, which has hitherto proved so triumphantly successful. The programme was exclusively devoted to Mendelssohn, and the concert began with the Quartet in E minor (Op. 44), in which M. Wieniawski did not satisfy connoisseurs so well as in some of his previous essays in the classical style—taking every one of the four movements too slow, and otherwise evincing an imperfect appreciation of the work. In the celebrated Ottet, however, with which the second part was inaugurated, the Polish virtuoso



was himself again, and played surprisingly well. In this fine piece, to the players who are used to be associated with M. Wieniawski at the Monday Popular Concerts (Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, and Sig. Piatti), were added Mr. Carrodus and Herr Goffrie (second violins), Mr. Doyle (tenor), and M. Daubert (violinello). The Ottet was the grand feature of the concert. There was also some pianoforte music—the posthumous *Andante* (in B flat) with variations, performed by Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper, and three of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, entrusted to the last-named talented gentleman. The vocal music, including quartets, two-part songs, and airs, was even better selected than usual. The singers were Miss Theresa Jefferys, who made a very sensible impression in the beautiful and passionate song of “Zuleika,” which was encored; Miss Dolby, who was similarly complimented in the “Song of Night,” and “The Savoyard;” Miss Marian Moss, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Benedict conducted. The concert was altogether one of first-class pretensions.

On Tuesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, *Elijah* was presented, under the direction of Mr. Hullab, with Mdm. Rudersdorf, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley; and on Wednesday, *The Messiah*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, with Mdm. Hayes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti. Crowds were attracted on both occasions. These masterpieces act like loadstones on the public.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, miscellaneous concerts were held in St. James's Hall, the programme of the last and best consisting almost entirely of sacred music. Anthems by various masters, foreign and native, were efficiently sung by a chorus of men and boys, selected from our most eminent London choirs, under the direction of Mr. John Foster, the most successful (and deservedly so) being Mendelssohn's setting of the 43rd Psalm, composed for the Cathedral choir of Berlin. The songs (allotted to Misses Poole and Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Santley, and Sims Reeves) were chosen from oratorios by Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven. To vary the entertainment, Mr. Charles Hallé played two of the solo sonatas of Beethoven on the piano, and M. Sainton, with Mr. Benedict, Mozart's violin sonata in B flat (No. 14). The performances were unexceptionably good. At the first miscellaneous concert (on Tuesday) there was no particular novelty; but at the second (on Wednesday) Mdm. Fauré—from the *Opéra Comique*, which sometime since died a natural death at the St. James's Theatre—made her first appearance in a London concert-room, and astonished the audience by her brilliant execution (among other things) of the variations on *Le Carnaval de Venise*, which was encored. A Miss Clari Fraser, too, pleased universally in a ballad by Mr. Wallace (demanded), and in one of the canzonets of Haydn.

Yesterday, at the Crystal Palace, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and a miscellaneous selection of vocal and instrumental music were performed. This day a Shakspeare concert is announced, the programme to include the music composed by Mendelssohn for a *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mr. Macfarren's overture to *Hamlet*, and a number of songs, duets, &c., written to words by our great national poet.

The programme of the next Monday Popular Concert (April 25) is to be confined to the works of English musicians, from which a selection of remarkable interest has been made—as may be seen by a glance at our advertising column.

Among recent arrivals from the continent—besides Signora Mongini and Giuglini, Mdle. Balle, Mdle. Enrichetta Weiser, and other artists attached to Mr. E. T. Smith's Italian Operatic company—may be recorded that of the prince of virtuosi-proper on the pianoforte, Herr Leopold de Meyer.

Mr. Gye has engaged Madame Penco, to make up in some sort for the deplorable loss he has sustained by the death of Madame Bosio. The

announcement of Rossini's delicious opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, with Mdm. Lotti as *Ninetta*, Signor Ronconi as the *Podesta*, Signor De Bassini as *Fernando*, and Mdm. Didiée as *Pippo*, has afforded very general satisfaction.

GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—On Monday evening the anniversary festival of this charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, when upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down to dinner. Mr. Charles Matthews presided, and among those present were Lord Eliot, Sir W. Fraser, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Jerwood, &c. The dinner was of the usual profuse style, which is daily gaining such a wide-spread reputation for the festivals held at this house, and everything passed off with the utmost *éclat* and success. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been disposed of with an unwonted display of enthusiasm, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening. His speech was entirely of that versatile and humorous kind which those who have once heard Mr. Matthews speak do not easily forget, and mixed up with professional jokes and laughable allusions to the colleagues by whom he was surrounded. The toast was coupled with the name of Mr. Buckstone, the treasurer, who in reply warmly congratulated the company on the progress of the fund and the fair prospects which seemed opening up for it in the future. The funded stock, he said, amounted to upwards of 11,000*l.*, and the payments out of the yearly income included annuities of 30*l.*, 60*l.*, and 90*l.* per annum, the large majority of the recipients of which were ladies. The rules of the fund permitted singers, dancers, and pantomimists to belong to it, and any members whose period of subscription reached seven years became entitled to an annuity from the fund. The report of the fund for the last year showed that the total income amounted to 1320*l.*, while the expenditure fell short of that sum by 460*l.*, which balance had been transferred to the funded property of the Association. Towards the close of the evening the secretary announced a list of subscriptions of upwards of 500*l.* The musical arrangements, as might have been expected from the nature of the festival, were of the very best kind, and included some of the most eminent vocalists of the day, all of whom gave their services gratuitously. Miss Ransford, Miss Poole, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Chip (instrumentalist), were most warmly encored and applauded.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Round the Sofa.* (Sampson Low.)

THE author, or authoress, of the life of Charlotte Brontë has collected into a couple of elegant volumes a half-dozen of stories and papers, most of which are already familiar to the readers of one of our most popular periodicals; and, setting aside a peculiar mannerism which seems to envelop like an atmosphere all the contributors to the periodical referred to, and which is almost the only defect to be discovered in the volumes before us, the result is a posy of no ordinary fragrance. Not that all the flowers of which it is composed give out an equally grateful odour, as we shall see presently, but that all are at any rate distinguished by a freshness and originality rare in these days of repetitions and reproductions as well as—and this principally—by a truthfulness to nature and supreme contempt for mock-heroism and impossible creations, which some of our older favourites might do well to imitate. By far the best sketch—for story it has none—among the whole is that which fills the first volume. It is a graceful group of those ruthlessly accurate delineations of character and action which have come in the cant of the day to be called “life-photographs,” and we more than suspect that real personages have in most instances sat for the likenesses. “My Lady Ludlow,” a widow, is the owner of Hanbury Court, “a vast red brick house with stone facings at every corner, door and window such as you see at Hampton Court—and gables, and arched door ways, and stone mullions, and twisted chimneys,” as an old English mansion of the days of Henry the VIII. and earlier ought to have. Lady

Ludlow is a magnificent picture of the real old-fashioned English lady of rank in the country half a century ago. To a profound veneration for Church and State, a pious horror of Jean Jacques Rousseau, popular education, Mr. Wesley and Dissenters, a resolute adherence to the family traditions, and an indomitable habit of queening it over every one about her, from the village parson down to the scullion wench, she unites that keenest sense of honour and propriety which seems to be the peculiar monopoly of English ladies, a delicious grace and delicacy of action, and a heart full of the kindest and most thoughtful feelings. Here is her picture:

“She was very small of stature, and very upright. She wore a great lace cap, nearly half her own height I should think, that went round her head (caps which tied under the chin, and which we called ‘mobs,’ came in later, and my lady held them in great contempt, saying people might as well come down in their nightcaps). In front of my lady's cap was a great bow of white satin ribbon; and a broad band of the same ribbon was tied tight round her head, and served to keep the cap straight. She had a fine Indian muslin shawl folded over her shoulders and across her chest, and an apron of the same; a black silk mode gown, made with short sleeves and ruffles, and with the tail thereof pulled through the pocket-hole, so as to shorten it to a useful length; beneath it she wore, as I could plainly see, a quilted lavender satin petticoat. Her hair was snowy white, but I hardly saw it, it was so covered with her cap: her skin, even at her age, was waxen in texture and tint: her eyes were large and dark blue, and must have been her great beauty when she was young, for there was nothing particular, as far as I can remember, either in mouth or nose. She had a great gold-headed stick by her chair; but I think it was more as a mark of state and dignity than for use, for she had as light and brisk a step when she chose as any girl of fifteen, and, in her private early walk of meditation in the mornings, would go as swiftly from garden alley to garden alley as any one of us.”

Among my Lady Ludlow's many kind and thoughtful acts she provides for—or as she herself delicately expresses it—“entertains” six young gentlewomen, “all of condition but out of means,” and it is by one of these that the account is supposed to be given. It is little more than the record of the everyday life of folks so thrown together—life in the Court and in the village—with all the commonplace incidents connected with village poachers, county magistrates, wilful clergymen, refractory tenants, careful and perplexed stewards, invading Dissenters, and the like; and when one has reached the last page of the book, one's chief wonder is how such homely materials have been worked up into a volume of such deep interest. Next to the character of “my Lady” herself, which stands out with a rich freshness that brings the charming old lady into the very room before one all rustling in her old-fashioned silks and rich lace, and with a countenance beautiful in its imperious lovingness, the best sketches are those of the new village clergyman and a certain Miss Galindo. Mr. Gray is a shy, awkward, red-haired, young man, possessed of a mortal terror whenever he approaches a lady, and destitute of all manner or knowledge of the world, but withal conscientious and heart-eager for the welfare of his flock and—unpardonable offence in my lady's eyes—a believer in improvement and in the education of the working classes. The contests between him and the high-bred lady on the subject of a village school supply some of the richest scenes in the work—the parson in the end carrying his point. Miss Galindo is a lady of very limited means, who earns an income by taking in work under the incognito of X from the Repository in the county town—as good a soul as need be, but an inveterate gossip, and somewhat of a scold. She shall speak for herself:

“It seems to me the generality of people may be divided into saints, scolds, and sinners. Now, your ladyship is a saint, because you have a sweet and holy nature, in the first place; and have people to do your anger and vexation for you, in the second place. And Jonathan Walker is a sinner, because he is sent to prison. But here am I, half way, having but a poor kind of disposition at best, and yet hating sin, and all that leads to it, such as wasting and extravagance, and gossiping,—and yet all this lies right under my nose in the village, and I am not saint enough to be vexed at it; and so I scold.”

To these add a succession of two stewards—the first a grave reserved methodical man of business, who actually breaks his heart over his work; the other a dashing blundering naval officer, who wins the tenants' hearts through his own failures—a Baptist baker

from Birmingham, and a pretty Miss Bessie, a protégée of Miss Galindo, and all the principal *dramatis personæ* are before us. The interest of the narrative is much heightened by the incidents of the death of Lady Ludlow's last surviving son at Vienna, and of the growing lameness of the narrator—both serving to develop their peculiar appropriate traits in the character of the peeress. There is a long episode in the shape of a story of the French revolution, which though touchingly told is destitute of the freshness and vigour of the rest of the volume—moreover, the mine has really been worked out. We wish we could conscientiously speak in as high terms of the second volume as of the first, but the difference is too marked. Not but what there is in the second much of the same vigorous fresh writing as in the other, but it is only occasionally, and the tone is not sustained throughout. "Half a Lifetime Ago" is the best story by far, though it is grim to painfulness, and probably for that very reason truer to nature, for the scene is cast among the dales and fells of Westmoreland and the heroine a Dale woman, who, rather than part with a half-witted brother who had been bequeathed to her care by her dying mother, surrenders her betrothed into the arms of her rival, and nearly breaks her heart in the effort. The stern hardness of the Dale people's character is admirably brought out in the course of the story; indeed, the leading incidents hinge on it. "The Accursed Race" contains some particulars touching the "Cagots," which are in part new. "The Doom of the Griffiths," and "The Poor Clare" are both of them tales of the sort dear to Mr. Wilkie Collins and the authoress of "The Night Side of Nature," and are full of prophecies, and curses, and spectres, and dooms; and "The Half Brothers" dramatises a beautiful and touching act of self-devotion, which however had been long before even more beautifully rendered in a little book for children by a well-known clerical writer of excessively High Church leanings.

*Rose-coloured Spectacles.* By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. (James Blackwood.)

A SLIGHT domestic story, without complication and with little mystery. "Rose-coloured Spectacles," dramatised by the Brothers Brough, and well acted, might have pleased a not over-fastidious audience. But as a novel it is not worth the trouble of reading, although in "one volume;" which is about its only merit. The plot may be condensed into a very few words. Alice, the heroine, "a happy girl," has two cousins, one Frank, generous and handsome, the other Charles, a miserly down-looking boor, with besides a "certain clumsiness of gait and manner," not usually held as special attractions to a lover. But Alice, being romantic, and the wearer of the rose-coloured spectacles aforesaid, falls in love with and becomes engaged to cousin Charles, who, an hour after his proposal, soliloquises thus:

"It is very much like a ripe plum, that drops into your mouth the moment you open it," thought he; "I must say, it would have been more convenient if she had kept me waiting a little. I should then have been able to sound my uncle, and find out whether the match would please him. As it is, I am fairly booked; and if Miss Peckerton gets to know, I am undone. I shall caution Alice—but girls never can keep a secret. I am sadly afraid I have been too hasty, though she is a nice girl, and a pretty girl, and will have some money too, when her aunt, Miss Peckerton, dies. I doubt she won't make a first-rate wife for a farmer, she has been brought up so absurdly. What is the use of all that book-learning, and jabbering of foreign languages? The Bible and the Cookery-book are quite enough for me. Then I dare say she will turn up her nose at plain, homely people, and pretend she does not like to associate with them. Ah, well! she must come down a little in her notions; I can't be expected to give up my acquaintances, especially when they are in the way of business. One comfort is, that she is young, and I can persuade her into anything."

Frank, who, of course, is also in love with Alice, postpones his proposals till he has made his fortune; and Charles no sooner has his girl's consent than he flings her off for the hope of a richer match. The mother of Alice dies, very gratuitously, poor soul; and Alice falls ill, as in duty bound to do; but whether for grief at her

mother's death or her lover's desertion does not quite appear. An uncle who knows only of Frank's love, and an aunt who is cognisant of Charles's offer, have a little game of cross-purposes, which is the only spirited bit in the book. The end of the story is that Laura, the young lady for whom Charles jilts Alice, refuses him, whereon he goes away and is heard of no more; and then Frank comes in opportunely as the *deus ex machina*, makes love at the right moment, rescues Alice from despair, and heals the wounds which his brother's perfidy has left upon her heart. An old gentleman who had married, first for love and then for money, and who, repenting of his mammon-worship, gives his daughter (our friend Laura) to a starveling poet; the said poet who renounces poetry because a publisher tells him his "verses are below mediocrity;" a sympathetic servant, and a foolish mother, complete the list of the *dramatis personæ*. We put on our own most rose-coloured spectacles to read the ladies' book, but all that we can make of it is, that it is a tale without interest, that the figures are without backbones or character, and that the composition is in the worst style of the famed Minerva press. Fancy a dying woman "seeming as if a kind of exhaustion had come over her, and that the feeble tenement of clay was about to be taken down," like a bedstead: a rainbow said to be "stamped upon the cloud;" "every hair" of a girl's "head bound round" a young man's "heart;" while the poet's romance and Alice's sentimentality are both too prosy and too absurd to bear quotation. We have no wish to check any aspiring mind, or to pain a gentle heart, but the world is inundated with trashy literature, to the infinite detriment of reading humanity; and we cannot let a contribution to that trash pass by without rebuke, and an exhortation to the worthy authoresses to take to embroidery, cookery, or the aquarium, but on all accounts to leave literature alone, and not ink their pretty fingers for no good result to gods or men.

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#### MISCELLANEA.

The Spanish Senate has adopted a bill providing for the erection of a statue to Murillo, the painter.

**COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.**—At the meeting of the council on Saturday, the 16th inst., the following gentlemen were nominated as members of the college:—Rev. Dr. Kennedy, head-master of Shrewsbury School; Rev. Mr. Bradley, head-master of Marlborough College; Rev. Dr. Mortimer, head-master of the City of London School; Rev. A. Carver, master of Dulwich College; Rev. Mr. Osborn, head-master of Rossall School; Rev. J. J. Perowne, King's College London; Rev. Mr. Dobson, head-master of Cheltenham College; Rev. Mr. Colles, head-master of Bromsgrove School; Rev. Mr. Gifford, head-master of King Edward VI. School, Birmingham; Rev. Mr. Holden, head-master of Ipswich Grammar School; J. Lethbridge, Esq., M.A., St. Paul's School, London; Rev. Mr. Smyth, master in Cheltenham College; Dr. Falck Lebahn, Annett's Crescent, Islington; Mr. W. H. Temple, Hampstead; and Mr. W. Davis, De Beauvoir Square, Kingsland.

**LORD CHATHAM AND THE AMERICAN WAR.**—Sir,—It is well known that the great Lord Chatham's last speech was on the American war; that on the 7th of April, 1778, he appeared in the House of Lords for the last time, and when within a few days of his death, expressed in an eloquent and effective manner his opinions on the question which was then agitating the nation. Which side of the question did Chatham take? Was he for carrying on the war or not? I find it difficult to reconcile his sentiments recorded in one place with those which are given us in another. On some occasions he seems to be for war, and strongly opposed to the "dissemination of this ancient and most noble monarchy;" and at other times he exerts his forcible eloquence in defence of American independence. I have also observed that some historical works differ with regard to Chatham's ultimate sentiments on the trans-atlantic question. Blackie's "Comprehensive History of England" (a new work which was briefly noticed in the LITERARY GAZETTE a short time ago), gives us to understand that in his last speech, the illustrious statesman was for proceeding with the war; while Cassell's "New and Popular History of England" (published in 1850), quotes a speech precisely opposite in opinion, though ending with the same tragic incident as that which concludes the speech quoted in Blackie's, and is of course also asserted to be his lordship's last. I am at a loss to know why two works published by publishers of such respectability and note as Messrs. Blackie & Son, and Mr. Cassell, should differ so much from each other in the recording of plain facts. I would feel thankful for any explanation or information on the subject.—J. E. E.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—During the week ending April 16th, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3776; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 1666. On the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 692, one Students' evening, Wednesday, 114. Total, 6248. From the opening of the Museum, 855,145.

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## REPORT, 1859.—DECLARATION OF BONUS.—THE FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

was held at Edinburgh, on the 7th March, 1859. JOHN GIBSON, Junior, Esq., in the Chair.  
A Report by the Directors was read, in which the following results were communicated:—  
In the Life Department the new assurances effected during the year amounted to £377,425, in 455 policies, yielding £12,565 15s. 8d. in New Premiums.  
The claims by Death which had arisen during the year were £79,957.  
The Report further stated that, after valuing the whole obligations of the Company in the Life Department, a sum of £136,629 5s. was found to have been the profit realised since last septennial investigation, which enabled the Directors, after setting aside one-tenth as the Proprietors' Guarantee Fund, to allocate and declare a BONUS ADDITION OF £1 5s. PER CENT. PER ANNUM on every policy opened with the Company on the participating scale prior to 31st December, 1858.  
A prospective bonus of £1 per cent. per annum on policies issued on or before 31st December last, which may become claims within the current septennial period, was also declared.  
The five premiums received during the year, from 31st December, 1857, to 31st December, 1858, amount to £30,345 16s. 5d.  
In the Annuity Department 21 bonds had been issued, the capital sums received for which amounted to £2332 17s. 1d., and the Annuities granted to £254 14s. 10d.  
The funds of the Company, as at 31st December, 1858, were as under:—

1. Paid-up Capital	£125,000 0 0
2. Rest, or accumulated undivided profits	63,145 6 10
3. Annuity Fund	100,445 17 2
4. Accumulated Fund from premiums	680,392 19 8
5. Premium on suspense account	15,172 18 2
In all	£984,157 1 10

which was securely invested to meet the obligations of the Company. In addition to this the assured have the security of the large subscribed capital.

The following Shareholders were then elected Office-bearers for 1859.

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